



APRIL 1967 NO. 3

MONSTER MANIA

35¢

THE WOLF MAN
REVENGE OF
FRANKENSTEIN

PETER CUSHING
RETURNS IN...
FRANKENSTEIN
CREATED WOMAN





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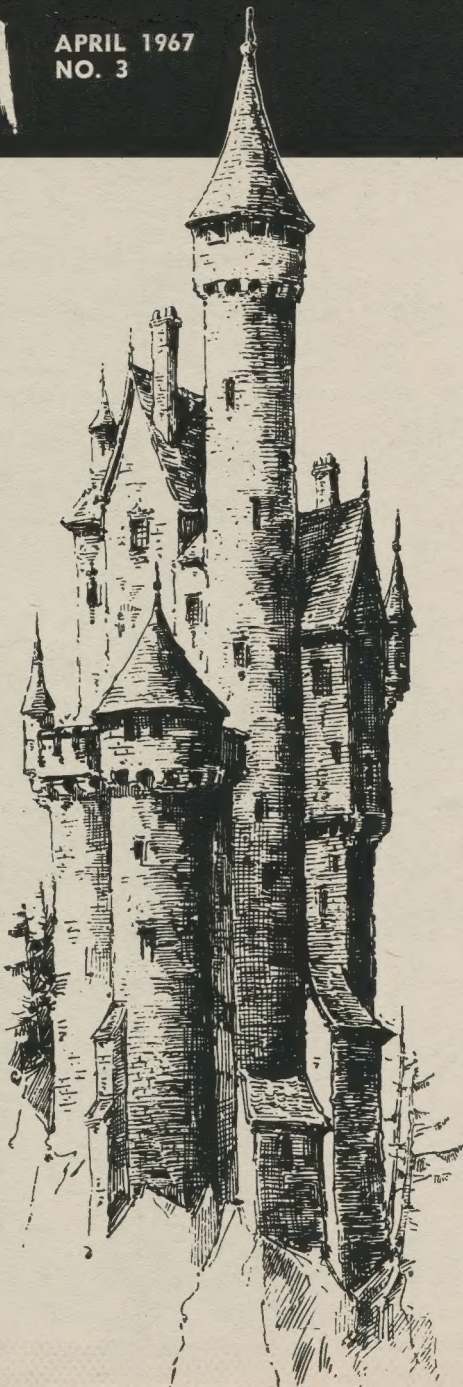
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

Special thanks this issue go out to Elizabeth Kaul, Mike Parry, Jeff Peck, Orson Kane, Helen B. Bates, Richard Bojarski, and Dick Smith.

Front Cover: Baron Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) is back at it again in the 7 Arts/Hammer production "Frankenstein Created Woman." Distributed through 20th Fox.

Back Cover: Four color scenes from "Frankenstein Created Woman."

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from the editor's desk

First on the agenda are apologies for some editorial bloopers in issue #2. We were busy hamming it up in California instead of sticking to our proof-reading.

Our first apology goes to cover artist Frank Frazetta, whose splendid cover from "ONE MILLION YEARS B.C." was poorly reproduced. The original is nearly beyond belief.

Secondly, on page 15, the photo of Ray Harryhausen, which was captioned, "Percy Herbert and Ray Harryhausen look over some of the rushes of the new Hammer spectacular, 'One Million Years B.C.," was incorrect. The caveman was actor John Richardson.

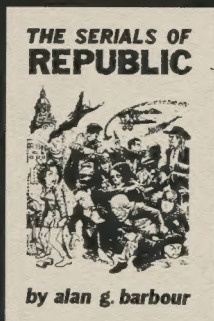
Blooper number three occurred on page 16, where we'd mentioned reviewing Harryhausen's monsters as soon as the pictures became available. Well, they did, just as our proofs came in, so we decided to drop the photos we had planned to run and substitute the first published photos of the monsters from "ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.". From all our mail response, we're very glad we did.

We're still getting in blasts from some readers who feel we were a bit unkind to "DRACULA — PRINCE OF DARKNESS" in our review (MM #1). Since the review was written, we've seen both "HORROR OF DRACULA" and the aforementioned sequel again. "HORROR" looks as good now as it did when we first saw it at the Mayfair Theater premiere in New York back in 1958. Hammer was then turning out two or three first-rate pictures a year as an independent company. When comparing the sequel to the original, the deterioration of Hammer's over-all production values seems obvious. Terence Fisher was at his best when he directed "HORROR", and after that masterpiece, what can be done for an encore? In our opinion, "PRINCE OF DARKNESS" is to Fisher what "SON OF KONG" was to O'Brien. And now that we see Hammer's "VIKING QUEEN", we know that Hammer has gone the route from Gothic to Girlie. This topic will be covered in depth in a future issue.

It comes to our attention that many of our readers are also avid fans of movie serials and comic books. It's been our policy to stay away from these subjects, as others are far more familiar with these specific fields. So for the serial buffs, Alan G. Barbour has the last word in compendia. Alan is the publisher of "Screen Facts" magazine, a first-rate publication dealing with Hollywood's past. He now has two specials ready for sale: "The Serials of Republic" and "The Serials of Columbia". These mags are offset printed on quality stock. The cost per copy is \$2.00.

Send your orders to: Screen Facts, Dept. MM, P.O. Box 154, Kew Gardens, New York 11415.


For the comic book aficionado, Wallace (EC) Wood has come up with a package of goodies that has something for everybody, entitled "Witzend". This mag has work by the all-time greats in the comics field, such as Crandall, Torres, Frazetta, Williamson — not to mention Mr. Wood himself. This is a mail order magazine, so don't look for it on the stands. Prices: one dollar (and it's worth it). Enclose 25c for postage. Orders go to: Wallace Wood, Dept. MM, Box 882, Ansonia Station, New York, New York 10023.



The promised Lon Chaney interview had to be shelved in this issue because again we were faced with a space problem. It will appear in its entirety in issue #4.

Now a question we'd like to ask our readers. How would you feel about a comic section, roughly 6 to 8 pages, in each issue of MM, of a famous horror story similar to the one in our paperback, "Christopher Lee's Treasury of Terror," which contains stories by Bloch, Lovecraft, Stoker, et al.? Let's hear your opinions and any other suggestions any of you may have to improve MM. Please let us hear from you. Our egos aren't so big that we can't take criticism, so send your comments, complaints, praise and money to MONSTER MANIA, 127 West 79th Street, New York, New York 10024.

RUSS JONES—



MANIA

**movie review
& preview**

"FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN"

A Hammer/Seven Arts production in Color and Wide Screen, produced by Anthony Nelson-Keys. Directed by Terence Fisher from a screenplay by John Elder. Released by Twentieth Century-Fox.

CAST

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Baron Frankenstein | PETER CUSHING |
| Christina | SUSAN DENBERG |
| Dr. Hertz | THORLEY WALTERS |
| Hans | ROBERT MORRIS |
| Johann | DEREK FOWLDS |
| Anton | PETER BLYTHE |
| Karl | BARRY WARREN |

At the conclusion of Hammer Films' *THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1964), the good Baron finally met his doom amid an exploding hell of flames and crumbling masonry. *Or did he?* Could the man who had escaped the dreaded guillotine — and the very jaws of Death itself — ever really die? Of course not! And so now the Baron is letting everyone know that *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN* in this latest of the Hammer series, shot at Bray Studios for 20th-Fox release.

Baron Victor Frankenstein (*Peter Cushing*), saved from death by Dr. Hertz (*Thorley Walters*), has become bored with simply transplanting brains and is now working on the transference of *human souls* from one body to another. He soon sets up shop again in his Balkan castle home.

Meanwhile, Victor's young assistant, Hans (*Robert Morris*), falls in love with Christina (*Susan Denberg*), the ugly, crippled daughter of a village innkeeper (*Alan MacNaughton*). When three thugs taunt Christina, Hans comes to her aid and beats them off.

The thugs, Anton (*Peter Blythe*); Johann (*Derek Fowlds*); and Karl (*Barry Warren*), get their revenge by brutally murdering Christina's father and framing Hans for the crime. Unfortunately, justice does *not* triumph, and Hans is beheaded for the murder he didn't commit.

Christina, driven mad with remorse, throws herself into the river, where Frankenstein and Dr. Hertz find her. Frankenstein operates on the girl and makes her incredibly beautiful. He then "borrows" the corpse of Hans, her lover, from the grave and begins his first soul transference operation . . .

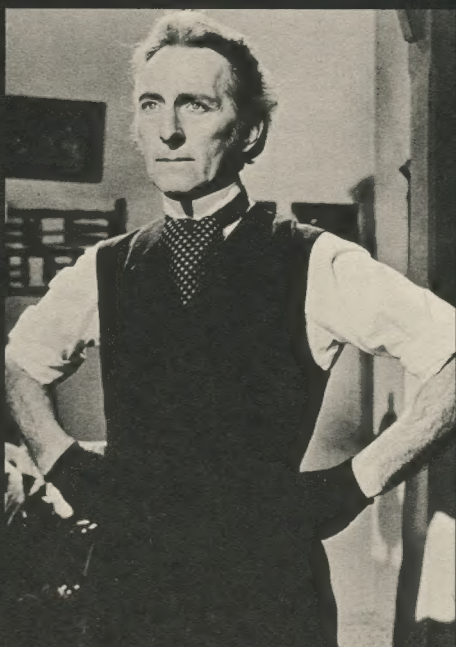
Frankenstein succeeds in his experiments. However, Christina, now "taken over" by Hans' soul, begins slipping out at nights to horribly mutilate the thugs who had attacked her. It's not long before enraged villagers march upon Frankenstein's castle to destroy the Baron and his evil experiments once and for all . . .

Fans will be happy to learn that *PETER CUSHING* once again returns in the role made synonymous with his name, that of Baron Frankenstein — and he looks better than ever! That old sparkle of days gone by is back in Mr. Cushing's eyes, although it's been rumored he wasn't in the best of health during filming of the picture. Mr. Cushing's presence is in itself enough to make *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN* a memorable addition to the film vaults at Hammer.

New-comer *SUSAN DENBERG* plays Christina, the ugly cripple who is miraculously transformed into a perfect woman by Baron Frankenstein. Miss Denberg, a 21-year-old, blonde, blue-eyed beauty from Austria,



"Frankenstein Created Woman"







recently won a contract with Warner Bros. after starring as a Bluebell Girl in Las Vegas and playing in Warners' *AN AMERICAN DREAM*. The English title was *SEE YOU IN HELL, DARLING*. Hammer saw photographs of Miss Denberg and immediately signed her to play the first female Frankenstein monster since Elsa Lanchester's classic portrayal of 1935. (*FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER*, Astor—1958, is to be ignored in this respect.)

The supporting cast includes portly *THORLEY WALTERS* as Baron Frankenstein's bumbling colleague, Dr. Hertz. In films for thirty years, he is best remembered by fantasy fans as Ludwig, a disciple of Dracula, in Hammer's *DRACULA*, *PRINCE OF DARKNESS* (20th-Fox, 1965), and as Dr. Watson in the German Sherlock Holmes thriller done by CCC Films, *VALLEY OF FEAR*.

Other cast members are *PHILIP RAY* (*The Mayor*); *PETER MADDEN* (*Police Chief*); *JOHN MAXIM* (*Police Sergeant*); *KEVIN FLOOD* (*The Goalie*); and *DUNCAN LAMONT* (*The Prisoner*).

Director Terence Fisher returns to the House of Hammer for *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN* — a big plus in the film's favor. It was Fisher's expert hand which molded Peter Cushing's unique portrayal of Baron Frankenstein into a contrasting personality of Good and Evil. If the Baron appeared a bit too kindly in *EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN*, it can be partly attributed to director Freddie Francis. But now that Fisher is back with the series he helped create, fans can expect to see *The Baron* they enjoyed so much

in the first two Hammer shockers. Fisher, incidentally, caught the film bug while on shore leave from the Merchant Navy during the last war when he was taken by a friend to see the famous Gaumont British Studios at Shepherd's Bush. He was then to edit a few Will Hay comedies. After the war, he returned to directing, two of his earliest efforts being Noel Coward's *THE ASTONISHED HEART* and *SO LONG AT THE FAIR*. For several years, he directed television films for Walt Disney and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Fisher's association with Hammer goes back to *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, made in 1956.

Anthony Nelson-Keys, a member of the Hammer team ever since he met Michael Carreras in 1956, has produced John (Anthony Hinds) Elder's screenplay in Color and Wide Screen. Keys, born in London, began as a clapper boy and after World War II joined producer Sydney Box as a production manager. He was working with Daniel Angel as Associate Producer when Michael Carreras offered him his present position at Hammer in '56.

Production Designer Bernard Robinson has again created marvelously atmospheric sets with the help of Art Director Don Mingaye, and Arthur Grant handled the color photography. Ian Lewis is Production Manager.

We're sure every horror film fan will want to say that he was there when *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN*!





Director Terence Fisher coaches Miss Denberg on her lines.



An unidentified make-up artist renders Susan Denberg a few scars during shooting of the fourth of the Hammer Frankenstein series.



Peter Cushing, Susan Denberg, Anthony Nelson Keys and Director Terence Fisher between scenes.



"THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU"

Miraculously escaping death in a fiery explosion set by Nayland Smith, Dr. Fu Manchu again takes time to try and conquer the world in this, the second of the Seven Arts series starring *Christopher Lee*. Eventually, six Fu adventures will come out of Hallam Productions, guided by producer Harry Alan Towers.

Dr. Fu Manchu this time plans to become Ruler of Earth by kidnapping the daughters of powerful world leaders. All the girls, by the way, just happen to be ravishingly beautiful! Unfortunately for dear old Fu, his arch nemesis, Nayland Smith (Douglas Wilmer), is still around and sees to it that Fu's plans go awry.

The featured instrument of mass destruction in *BRIDES* is a lethal death ray machine — ala Ming the Merciless of those old Flash Gordon serials. It seems that the poison gas used in *FACE OF FU MANCHU* just isn't effective enough any more.

Of course, Nayland Smith and his side-kick, Dr. Petrie (*Howard Marion Crawford*), arrive at Fu's desert Temple hide-out and divert the death ray machine in the nick of time. The Temple and (supposedly) Fu himself go up in smoke in a cataclysmic finale.

THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU has been done in the same high-spirited, tongue-in-cheek manner as the first of the series and began filming on November 22, 1965. The third Fu epic, *VENGEANCE OF FU MANCHU*, has already gone before the cameras in Hong Kong with Christopher Lee again in the title role.

Strange enough, Nigel Green returns as Nayland Smith in *VENGEANCE* after being replaced by Douglas Wilmer in *BRIDES*. Wilmer, though, is reported to be just as effective as was Green, though this mix-up in Nayland Smith's identity will probably be an annoyance to those fans who remember *THE FACE OF FU MANCHU*.

Nonetheless, the Fu series is gaining in popularity all the time and, like Fu himself, it may never die.







"CHAMBER OF HORRORS", a Warner Bros. Pictures release in Technicolor. Produced and directed by Hy Auerback from a screenplay by Stephen Kandel based on a story by Ray Russell and Kandel. Running time: 1 hour 39 minutes.

THE CAST:

Anthony Draco CESARE DANOVA
 Jason Carroll/Cravette PATRICK O'NEAL
 Harold Blount WILFRED HYDE-WHITE
 Marie Champlain LAURA DEVON
 Pepe de Reyes TUN TUN
 AND INCLUDING IN SPECIAL CAMEO ROLES,
 the following personalities: TONY CURTIS, MARIE WINDSOR, SUZY PARKER, JEANNETTE NOLAN and PATRICE WYMORE.

"CHAMBER OF HORRORS" is a first-rate mystery thriller. It was originally intended as a television pilot for a series based on the old Vincent Price starrer of a few years ago, "HOUSE OF WAX". However, the power to be over at television land decided that the story was too gruesome and gory for home television. Warner Brothers wisely decided to shoot some added footage and release the pilot as a full length theatrical feature. Actually, the picture itself is nowhere near being gory enough to be recommended as a true horror picture. The stories that were presented on the old Boris Karloff hosted series, "Thriller", were far more effective when compared to this rather pallid shocker. The capable cast consists of relatively "unknown" performers. (That is, to the GENERAL movie audience) Patrick O'Neal, a very fine actor is cast in the pivotal role of Jason Carroll/Cravette, the Baltimore Butcher of the nineteenth century. In playing a role that seemed to have been written for Vincent Price, O'Neal comes off surprisingly well, considering the fact that the role calls for plenty of eyeball rolling and chewing up of the scenery, two items this actor is not usually acquainted with. Cesare Danova, Wilfred Hyde-White and the dwarf-actor Tun-Tun, are the other leading participants in this exciting excursion into a sort of Jack The Ripper type of story. Beautiful Laura Devon plays the female lead most effectively. Hyde is probably the best known of the group, movie audiences recognizing him from "MY FAIR LADY" and "TEN LITTLE INDIANS" the latter the remake of the classic Agatha Christie story. If you look real closely, you'll catch Tony Curtis in a "bit" part that has nothing whatsoever to do with the story line. Keep your eyes open though, for he disappears in a flash. The color photography is quite good and the production is handsomely mounted. Do not go to see "CHAMBER" expecting a "horror" movie in that sense of the word. Do not be misled by the rather juvenile "gimmick" the brothers Warner hooked on to the picture. This gimmick includes a fear flash and a horror horn. Ridiculous. At four intervals in the film, which the company calls four supreme moments of fright, the screen suddenly flashes red all over the place. (ala Hitchcock's method in "MARNIE"). This is supposed to "Warn the viewer to turn his head if he wants to be spared the horror that follows. That's just it, *nothing follows*, what happens is left to the audience's imagination, a hand being mutilated, a head being severed, etc. Now before you say how could they possibly show this, remember the hand being chopped off in "HUSH HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE"? the head being severed off in "STRATJACKET"? The goriest thing



in "CHAMBER" is a policeman getting shot.

On a whole however, the picture is excellent. The story grips your attention from start to finish. It opens on a rather macabre note. We see a justice of the peace performing a marriage ceremony. Nothing unusual about this, you say? I guess not if you consider the sight of a minister being held at gunpoint, reciting the marriage vows to a man and woman, the latter being quite dead, an everyday occurrence. It seems the groom, Jason Carroll/Cravette, discovered that his soon to be wife was *not* the lily white angel he had placed on a pedestal. The dead bride, dressed in the traditional white gown is then taken back to her home by the madman, and is castely arraigned on the bed surrounded by candles on all sides. Our slightly off-beat hero then decides to drink a toast to his rather dormant wife.

Soon afterwards, thanks to the efforts of Tony Draco and Harold Blount, who run the famous House of Wax, Jason is located in a Bawdy House where he is in the act of duplicating the same macabre rituals with a rather reluctant hostess. The rest of the picture deals with Jason Cravette's revenge on all of the people responsible for his capture. This lucky group consists of the aforementioned proprietors of the museum, a judge, and a policeman. How he goes about contemplating their eventual demises is quite exciting, though a little illogical at times. Summing it up in a nutshell, by all means see "CHAMBER OF HORRORS". It's an excellent mystery thriller.

BILL MAHON



"A STUDY IN TERROR" A Compton/Sir Nigel Film Production. Produced by Henry E. Lester. Directed by James Hill, from a screenplay by Donald & Derek Ford, based on the characters created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Presented by Herman Cohen. A Columbia Pictures release in Eastman Color. Running time: 94 minutes.

THE CAST

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Sherlock Holmes | JOHN NEVILLE |
| Doctor Watson | DONALD HOUSTON |
| Lord Carfax | JOHN FRASER |
| Doctor Murray | ANTHONY QUAYLE |
| Mycroft Holmes | ROBERT MORLEY |
| Sally | JUDI DENCH |
| Max | PETER CARSTEN |
| Angela Osborne | ADRIENNE CORRI |
| Inspector Lestrade | FRANK FINLAY |

A menacing shadow . . . a muffled scream — and yet another prostitute lies in a fog-shrouded gutter with a dagger thrust through her neck.

Needless to say, Jack the Ripper is back at work, throwing the forces of law and order into pandemonium throughout the Whitechapel district of London. There is only one man who can possibly stop this dread menace — the inimitable Sherlock Holmes.

Rather than being simply *A STUDY IN TERROR*, the Columbia release of that title also presents crisp Holmesian deduction; fine tongue-in-cheek humor; ac-

tion; adventure; sex — all tautly wrapped up in lavish Eastman Color elegance.

Although the "Jack the Ripper" theme is hardly a fresh one, director James Hill treats it as though it were never done before. His approach, seemingly innocent of what has previously been filmed, succeeds in its intent — that of *shocking* the audience. Who can watch the Ripper hunched over his latest victim in a shadowed alley — his arm moving in an ominous *twisting* motion — and not feel cold chills course down his spine? Director Hill certainly leaves nothing to the audience's imagination. He makes it quite clear that the Ripper is a *monster* in the truest sense of the word. Sherlock Holmes is indeed sorely needed to destroy this fiend.

Fans will most likely be taken aback by JOHN NEVILLE's appearance as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's immortal detective. Despite the absence of the classic Rathbone/Cushing profile associated with the Holmes role, Mr. Neville fits into the proceedings perfectly. And he can rattle off the most convoluted, stilted Holmesian dialogue with the best of them. Incidentally, fantasy film fans may recall that Mr. Neville starred in the 1964 British import, *UNEARTHLY STRANGER*, a taut little effort made memorable for the most part by Mr. Neville's fine performance.

Unfortunately, Mr. Neville is a bit too slight of build and stature to project with any effectiveness the dynamic side of Sherlock Holmes' personality. It becomes nearly laughable to watch him disarm — with a mere flick of his wrist — a knife-wielding thug three times his size. But this frail, agile appearance stands Mr. Neville in good stead when he is called upon to take part in acrobatic fight sequences, such as the time he single-handedly fends off a gang of bullies with his lethal bayonet-tipped cane.

Doctor John Watson, too, has had life breathed anew into his stuffy, rotund figure. DONALD HOUSTON — in a role quite different from the one he played in Hammer's *MANIAC* (1963) — adds yet another aspect to Watson's character — a shy continental charm. Not as bumbling and morose as Nigel Bruce . . . not as "straight" and cultured as Andre Morell — Mr. Houston strikes a perfect medium. And what's more, he has spiced the role with a blushing bashfulness reminiscent of the late, great Oliver Hardy! He and Mr. Neville blend perfectly in the sort of screen chemistry which worked so well for the Rathbone/Bruce team of the 1940s (and not so well for *Peter Cushing* and *Andre Morell*, it might be added). We hope to see more of Mr. Houston and Mr. Neville in the future.

The screenplay of *A STUDY IN TERROR* (original English title: *FOG*) is actually nothing more than an amalgamation of past ideas, made fresh by first-rate production values. The Ripper sequences have been filmed many times before in exactly the same manner as presented here. And the Holmes portions of the film are also simply bits and pieces from the past: the renowned violin; old familiar dialogue ("Elementary, my dear Watson!"); the deerstalker cap; Scotland Yard's Inspector Lestrade — *ad infinitum* . . . At any rate, it all somehow works.

We would be doing the film's producer's an injustice by not mentioning one bit of originality — the introduction of Sherlock's brother, Mycroft, delightfully played by ROBERT MORLEY in a "Guest Star" appearance. At times, gargantuan lines of dialogue prove almost too much for even Mr. Morley, who is known as something of a screen actor. When not wist-

ling with the rhetoric given him by screenwriters Donald and Derek Fink, Mr. Morley uses his bushy eyebrows and portly frame to the hilt as comic props. Alas, he is seen all too briefly.

The film opens amid Jack the Ripper's reign of terror in the Whitechapel district of London during the late 1880's. Sherlock Holmes becomes interested in the Ripper case when he is sent a box of surgical instruments by an anonymous donor. The post mortem scalpel is missing from the box.

With the aid of Doctor Watson, Holmes traces the surgical box to a family of nobility, headed by an aging, embittered Duke (BARRY JONES). The Duke has disowned his eldest son Michael, for having married out of his class — to a prostitute. The Duke's younger son, Lord Carfax (JOHN FRASER), admits to Holmes that the surgical case once belonged to his brother, who had studied medicine. Since shortly after his marriage and departure from the Sorbonne, Michael has been missing.

Continually out-guessing Inspector Lestrade (FRANK FINLAY), follows various leads and comes upon a hospital refuge in the Whitechapel district run by Dr. Murray (ANTHONY QUAYLE), and his niece, Sally (JUDI DENCH). Aside from his duties at the hospital, Dr. Murray also acts as coroner for the police and performs autopsies on the Ripper's victims. Young Lord Carfax, Sally's sweetheart, assists Murray financially.

Holmes soon learns that Lord Carfax is being blackmailed by a friend of his missing brother's wife, Angela Osborne (ADRIENNE CORRI). Angela has been disfigured by acid in a mysterious accident and is cared for by Max (PETER CARSTEN), the owner of a local tavern. Holmes also finds that Lord Carfax's missing brother is none other than the demented wretch whom Dr. Murray keeps as an assistant at his hospital. Holmes takes the wretch (JOHN CAIRNEY) back to his father, the old Duke, and prepares to ring down the final curtain on the Ripper murders.

That night, the Ripper slips into Angela's room and is about to stab the life out of her when Holmes suddenly leaps from the shadows.

"Good evening, LORD CARFAX!" he cries.

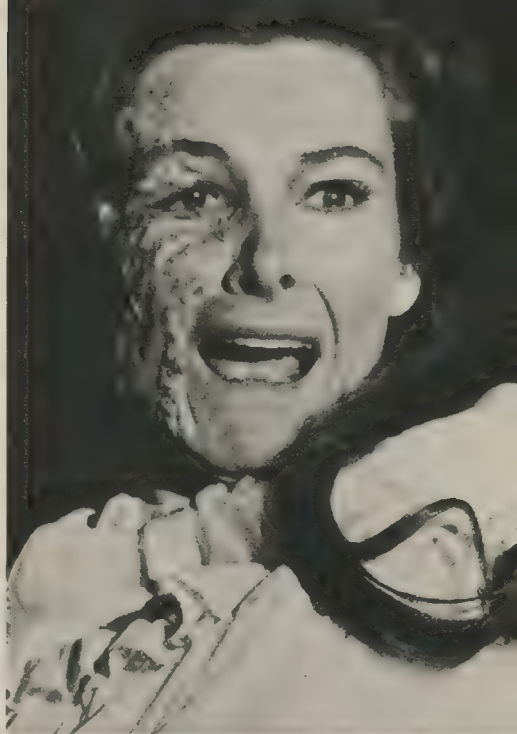
In the ensuing struggle, a fire is started and the young Lord — alias "Jack the Ripper" — is swallowed up in the raging flames along with Angela.

Later, Holmes explains the case to his puzzled colleague, Doctor Watson: Lord Carfax was the last in a long line of descendants tainted by a streak of lunacy handed down through his family. Being insanely jealous over the honor of his family's name, his warped mind vowed vengeance on the brother who had married a common prostitute. Through a process of elimination, he hoped to eventually find his brother's wife, Angela Osborne, by simply murdering all the prostitutes in the district. Angela had sent Holmes the box of surgeon's instruments in order to interest him in the case and protect her life.

But Watson wishes to know just *how* his friend could have possibly managed to escape from the burning building that claimed the Ripper's life . . .

"You know my methods, Watson," Holmes replies. "I am known to be indestructible!"

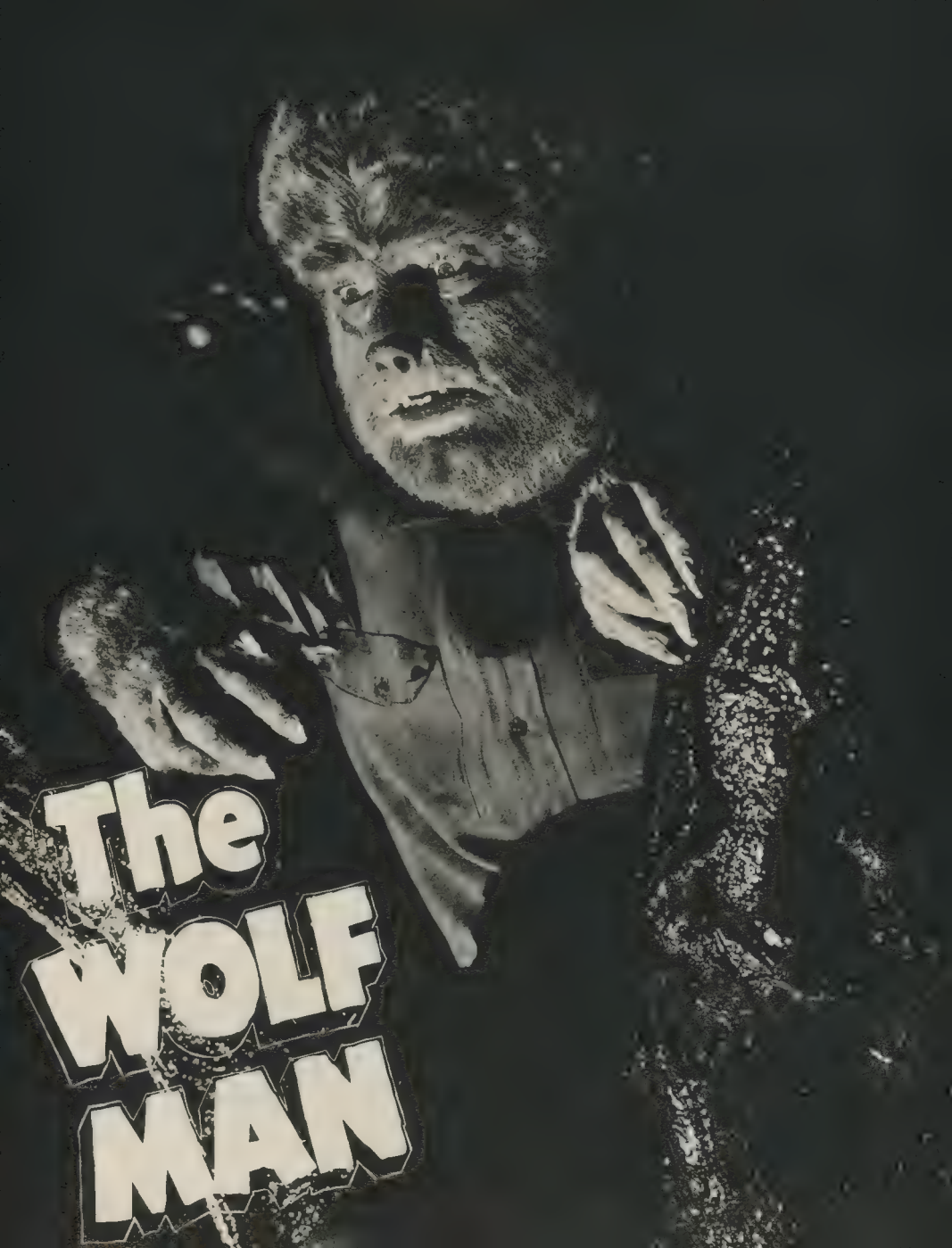
Will our hero, Sherlock Holmes, return to the screen in another adventure? We hope so!



Angela Osborne (ADRIENNE CORRI) reveals her gruesome acid-scarred face as she screams in terror at the sight of Jack the Ripper by her bedside.



Sherlock Holmes vs. Jack the Ripper: Young Lord Carfax (JOHN FRASER) is sent reeling by the master detective of Baker Street.



The WOLF MAN

by RICHARD BOJARSKI

As the young man sat in the back seat of the chauffeur-driven limousine against the changing Welsh countryside, his thoughts rambled through his past. The vehicle motored past the small village of Lanwelly and now was moving to its destination of Talbot Castle. Lawrence Talbot had been away for 18 years. He had left home because of deep dissatisfaction concerning a brotherly rivalry that had long since disappeared. But now, because of a death in the family, the situation was urgent, he was needed, and he was glad to be home and see his locally distinguished father again, Sir John Talbot (**Claude Rains**). The elder Talbot, a level-headed scholarly man, whose ancestors had been given title to a considerable acreage near the village of Lanwelly for services to the crown over 5 centuries ago, also dabbled in several successful experiments in physic research earning him knighthood and a measure of local fame.

As the car entered the driveway, Larry saw his father whose small, but confident figure stood before the entrance to the manor. As he stepped out from the car, Sir John's face brightened as he embraced his son, "Welcome home, Larry". Upon entering the hallway past the three inch solid oak doors which have greeted or resisted visitors for the past five centuries, a flood of childhood memories followed by a deep, peaceful feeling of coming to the end of a long journey filled his body. A familiar face from the past greeted him, "Glad to have you back, Larry," as they both entered the library. As the young energetic man immediately left, Sir John identified him as Capt. Paul Montford, who was the village Constable. In an exuberant, reminiscing mood, Larry laughed, "Sure I remember Paul, we used to switch apples together." The mood swiftly darkened as Larry's eyes fell upon his late brother's portrait which hung over the fireplace, "I'm sorry about John . . ." Sir John lowered his head gravely while stoking the fireplace. His tone became sad and serious, "Your brother's death was a blow to all of us." Larry began to feel a growing sense of guilt as his father remarked upon his running away from home due to the jealousy of his older brother and the irony of the latter's death in an hunting accident to bring the younger son home after an absence of 18 years. Reluctant to discuss the past, Larry attempted to shift the conversation by revealing he had followed his father's activities in the newspapers and was proud to discover he had won the Belden Prize for research. Sir John spirits brightened at his son's interest and he was eager to eliminate any traces of enmity between himself and his son. He stretched out his hand as a gesture of friendship. Aware that his father was symbolically offering him his late brother's mantle as the successor to the House of Talbot, Larry unhesitatingly accepted it, "I'll do all that I can, sir." Larry enthusiastically replied.

As they both were entering the foyer, Sir John confidently reflected upon the future, "In the 18 years that you've been away, your experience in America should establish you as an immense benefit to the estate". Noticing a large wooden crate containing parts for a telescope being wheeled into the hallway by the butler, Sir John commented, "Come up to the attic, son—It's an observatory now!"

In the observatory, Sir John respectfully watched



Lon Chaney



Evelyn Ankers



Claude Rains



Bela Lugosi



Madame Maria Ouspenskaya



Patric Knowles



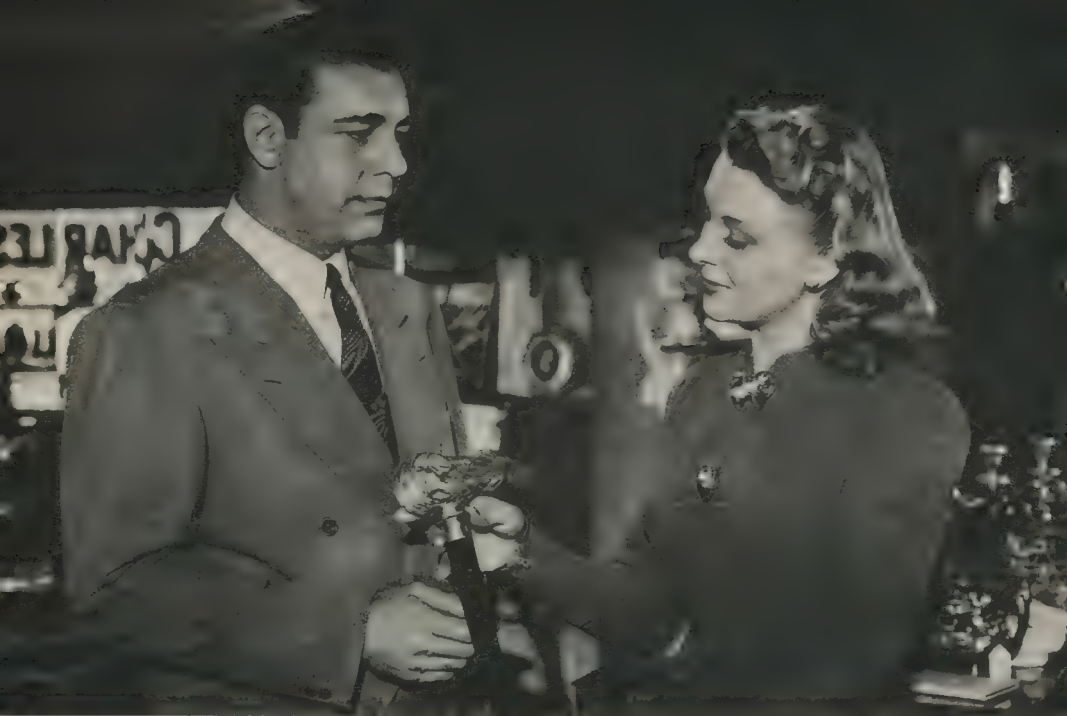
Fay Helm



Ralph Bellamy



Warren William



in silence as his son's supple fingers quickly adjusted the mysterious gears of the telescope for practical use. After testing it, his father complimented his son on his skill and inquired upon the nature of his interest in astronomy. Larry replied, "I've done quite a lot of work with astronomical instruments, but when it comes to theory, I'm pretty much of an amateur." With a bit of sly wisdom, his father added, "When it comes to the heavens, there's only one professional", and departed to attend to a matter before lunch. While making further tests with the refractor, Larry's eye fell upon an open window containing a young woman dressing while scanning the village streets. Unable to obtain a closer image with the lense, his curiosity was aroused and he was determined to meet her.

Discovering that the street-level of the building containing the girl's residence, was an antique shop and that she was the proprietress, Larry happily surmised that this would give him an opportunity to meet her. Pretending to be a customer, his eyes fell curiously on a dog-shaped head of a cane. The young, pretty Gwen Conliffe (*Evelyn Ankers*) walked over to Larry and corrected him, "It's a wolf". The silver stick strangely fascinated Larry as he removed it from the rack. He also noticed a five-pointed star carved underneath the head. "A wolf and a star", he said to himself, seemingly hypnotized by it. Immediately he pressed her for added information. "That's a very rare piece," she began, "It shows a werewolf and a pentagram. A werewolf is a man, who at certain times of the year, changes into a wolf." Larry's tone

became humorously skeptic, "You mean he runs around on all fours and bays and snaps at the moon?" Amused, but unruffled, Gwen continued, "There's an old poem—"Even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright." Driven by some unexplainable force deep inside him, he wanted to know more despite an instinct which inwardly repelled this sudden curiosity, "What's this pentagram business?" "Every werewolf is marked with it," she answered, "and sees it in the palm of his next victim's hand." Almost forgetting his prime purpose for being in the store, he bought the silver-headed cane and despite her half-hearted refusal, continued to press her for a date that same evening. Before he left, they both noticed several horse-drawn wagons driven by gaily garbed drivers, entering the village. "Gypsy fortune-tellers," Gwen remarked, "They pass through here every autumn."

Later that evening at home, Larry, for strange reasons he couldn't explain, probed his father for more information concerning werewolves. "Yes, that's the sign of the werewolf," said Sir John. Larry skeptically interjected, "But that's just a legend, isn't it?" His father replied, "Yes, but like most legends, they must have some basis in fact. Probably an ancient explanation, a dual personality, . . ." After removing a book from the shelf-lined walls, he paused and quoted, "Even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright". Slightly disturbed, Larry broke in, "That's



funny, that's exactly what the girl in the antique shop said."

After locking up for the night, Gwen Conliffe was pleasantly surprised to discover that same young man waiting for her outside the shop that fog-shrouded evening. Her reluctance to join him that evening slowly melted away as she found herself strangely drawn to the young man. "You see, I even brought my cane, too," Larry said, as he showed her the silver walking stick. But his triumph was short-lived when he discovered Gwen already had a companion for the evening, a pleasant young woman named Jenny Williams (**Fay Helm**). Momentarily disappointed, Larry's gloom provoked a burst of good-natured laughter as the three figures, arm in arm, disappeared into the fog-swept streets.

As they entered the fringes of the woods on the outskirts of the village, Jenny excitedly exclaimed, "Oh, look wolfbane!" As she picked one from a large bush near a bog, she recited the legendary poem. Attempting to squash a growing uneasiness, Larry humorously commented, "So you know that one, too, huh?" "O course," she jokingly replied, "Everyone knows about werewolves!"

Approaching the gypsy encampment, they were met by a tousle-headed, middle-aged gypsy named Bela (**Bela Lugosi**), who greeted the three young strangers. His dignified and polite manner failed to conceal a weighty sombreness which did not go totally unnoticed despite the gay mood of the visitors. Jenny's decision to have her fortune told first, gave Larry an opportunity to get better acquainted with

Gwen. Unseen by the arrival of these visitors, a small old Gypsy woman, Bela's mother, Maleva (**Maria Ouspenskaya**), observed the visitors in silence. Her proud, aged features seemed to reflect not only an inner strength resulting from her race's centuries old rootlessness, but an unmistakable sadness concerning a dark, tragic secret.

After wandering away from the encampment, Larry and Gwen began to become attracted to each other. Then Gwen confessed the existence of another suitor, Frank Andrews (**Patric Knowles**), whom she had plans of marrying. Meanwhile, inside the gypsy wagon, Jenny was eager to have her fortune told. "Could you tell me when I'm going to married?" She asked. Bela the gypsy, who was seated opposite her, noticed several wolfbane flowers on the table that Jenny picked earlier that evening. His features darkened, and in an effort to quench a rising burst of panic, pushed the wolfbane off the table without an explanation. Jenny's good-natured spirits were temporarily shaken by this odd behavior. Struggling to regain control of himself, Bela resumed his fortune-telling and took her palm, "Your left hand shows your past and your right hand shows your future." Bela's eyes wearily searched her palm as he tried to avoid the inevitable. But inwardly, deep inside, he knew what was going to happen. And there it was, his body began to shake as he saw the unmistakable sign of the pentagram etched in her palm. Jenny felt the strange tension and with fear in her voice demanded, "What do you see, - - - something evil?" Despite her growing puzzled concern, Bela insisted



Bela agrees to tell the fortune of Jenny who accompanies Gwen and Larry to the gypsy camp.



he was unable to continue and instructed her to come tomorrow. Trying to fight a cold growing fury in him and fearing for her personal safety, he drove her from the wagon in a raving manner. In fear and tears, Jenny ran from the wagon into the woods. Bela's mother, startled by the wild, uncontrollable behavior of the horses, sensed imminent disaster. It was a few moments later that Larry and Gwen heard a weird baying of a wolf followed shortly after by Jenny's terrified scream! Leaving a frightened Gwen, Larry immediately rushed to Jenny's rescue. Though unfamiliar with the wooded bog, made even more treacherous by the thick fog, Jenny's dreadful screams made Larry's own personal safety unimportant. Hoping he wasn't too late, he finally confronted the horrible scene, taking place behind a large, twisted tree. Two grey figures were struggling in the shadows blurred by the thick fog. Coming closer, Larry discovered the larger of the two figures to be a wild animal, a wolf, whose fangs were stained with blood while gorging upon the body of Jenny! Revolted by this horrible scene, Larry unhesitatingly struggled with the beast in an effort to remove it from its victim and felt a cut of pain as the animal tore at its chest with its jaws. More in anger than in punishment, Larry's silver-headed cane rained down repeatedly upon the powerful animal's skull until he was too weary to raise his stick over the dead brute anymore. Shortly after, weakened by his wound and the shock, Larry was found semi-conscious by a worried Gwen, who anxiously looked about for help when a wagon driven by the gypsy Maleva mysteriously arrived upon the scene and helped Gwen bring the weakened Larry Talbot home.

The dry leaves on the floor of the fog-shrouded moors crackled under the visitor's feet and broke the silence made more ominous by the tragedy which occurred half-hour earlier. Capt. Montford was holding a lantern over the still-warm body of Jenny Williams being examined by Dr. Lloyd (**Warren William**), whose calm, professional manner successfully masked his revulsion at what he saw. The constable's assistant was nervously nearby, taking notes. "Her jugular was severed by the bite of powerful teeth," Dr. Lloyd concluded, " - - - cause of death - - - internal hemorrhage." Nearby, the group discovered the body of Bela, the gypsy fortuneteller nearly hidden by the shadows of the large, twisted oak. Dr. Lloyd surmised that his crushed skull was a result of a blow from a sharp instrument. The further discovery that the dead gypsy's feet were bare deepened the mystery. Then someone noticed a silver stick moulded with a wolf's head near the body. Then, as before, silence slowly enveloped the forest as the overlapped, excited voices of the group slowly grew distant while following freshly discovered animal tracks leading away from the tragedy toward the gypsy encampment.

The next morning, a concerned Sir John, Dr. Lloyd and Capt. Montford questioned Larry Talbot concerning the unfortunate events of last night. Larry's insistence that he only saw and killed a wolf with the silver cane, which was shown to him by Montford, further puzzled the group and the young man's efforts to display a non-existent scar resulting from a wound received from the animal caused frowns of doubt not overlooked by Larry. Dr. Lloyd then broke the growing embarrassment by the suggestion that he get some rest. After they left the room, Sir

John tried to calm his disturbed son who cried, "But they're treating me like I was crazy!"

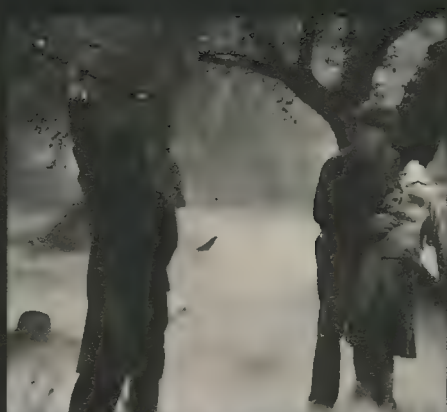
Larry's efforts in mentally retracing the events of last evening, coupled with the horrible possibility that he actually killed Bela, gnawed at his conscience. But it was too fantastic to accept, he thought. Later that afternoon, he visited Bela's crypt in the churchyard to find some kind of a clue towards the strange happenings of last night, only to eavesdrop on Bela's mother murmuring some cryptic, haunting words over the coffin containing the body of her son. After she left, attacked by some growing sense of guilt, he fled the crypt and visited Gwen to offer his sympathy concerning the death of her friend, Jenny, only to discover that she seemed to doubt his story of a wolf, too.

As a relief from the harrowing experiences of several nights ago, Gwen accepted an offer from her fiancée, Frank Andrews to attend the Gypsy Carnival on the outskirts of town, which was attended by the townspeople every autumn. Surprised to see Larry Talbot there that evening alone, they generously asked him to join them. His gloom temporarily shunted aside by the gypsy music and gay mood of the crowd, Larry cheerfully accepted Frank's suggestion to compete at a nearby shooting stand much to the joy of Gwen. Larry's excitement mounted as he successfully hit each new target which automatically popped up to replace the fallen one. Then a strange thing happened. He found himself unable to pull the trigger when he saw the new target. A wild animal was painted on the target. It was a wolf. Frank good-naturedly began to tease him about Larry's hesitating to shoot. And after a great deal of will-power, he finally forced himself to shoot at the target several times, but missed. Unable to personally justify his strange behavior and sensing a strange new fear he found impossible to describe, he abruptly left the shooting stand and decided to go home. Passing thru a cluster of tents on the fringe of the carnival, he heard a voice beckoning him from one of the tents. Curious, but hesitant, he entered the tent to discover it was Bela's mother, Maleva. Her small figure seemed almost sinister as she immediately revealed to him that her son—whom he killed—was a werewolf and even worse, Larry's wound will turn him into a werewolf. Larry, though emotionally upset, scoffed at this fantastic information, and was almost ready to leave when her grim manner changed into pity as she gave him a magic charm which she described contained powers which could break evil spells. Leaving her tent in a turbulent, confused state, he accidentally ran into Gwen who was alone. Momentarily forgetting his fears, he gave Gwen the charm necklace. Startled by the sounds of gypsies breaking camp, Gwen excused herself and quickly disappeared. Sensing an atmosphere of impending disaster, he questioned a gypsy concerning all this activity. His reply, "There's a werewolf in camp!" seized him with panic.

His only thoughts now were of getting home and forgetting the disturbing incidents of the evening. As he walked thru the heavy panelled walls of the corridor to his room, Larry felt a kind of strange anticipation of evil and unearthliness. Haunted by Maleva's words, his overwhelming curiosity overcame him as his trembling fingers quickly removed his shirt. Half-dressed, he stared at his dressingroom mirror in a sigh of relief. There didn't seem to be anything wrong, he thought, as he carefully scrutinized his features. Then a horrible thought contorted his



Larry Talbot transformed into a werewolf, is caught in Andrews' trap.



THE WOLF MAN

turns from MAN to BEAST



HIS FINGERS TURN TO CLAWS



HIS EYES GROW WILD



HAIR GROWS ON HIS HANDS



CLAUDE RAINS
WARREN WILLIAM
RALPH BELLAMY
PATRIC KNOWLES
BELA LUGOSI
HEN & SUSPENSE
EVELYN ANGLIS
LON CHANEY



HIS HEART BURNS TO HIS

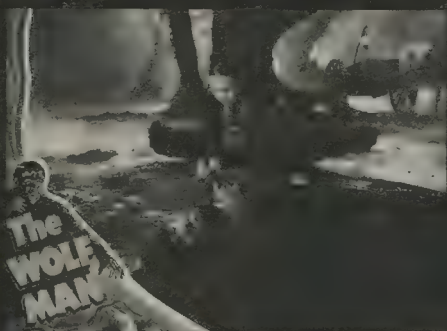


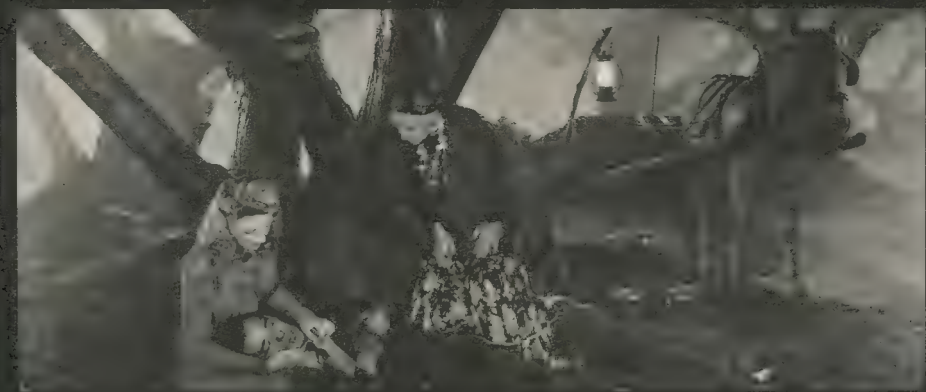
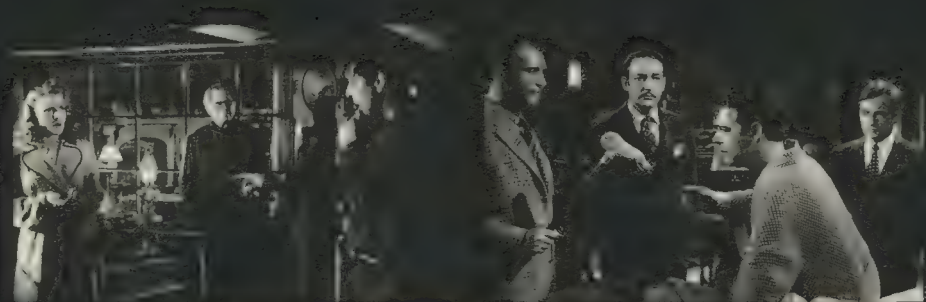
TEETH SHARPEN TO FANGS



HIS FACE BECOMES A MASK

A Warner Bros. Production
Directed by
LON CHANEY





features. He hurriedly rolled up his pants and was shocked to discover growing patches of hair on them! His consciousness then slowly submerged into a numb-like state as the physical pain lessened and the final stages of his metamorphosis approached completion. The next thing he realized, he found himself on the moors that night. His features were so radically changed, that his former human self was unrecognizable. His entire body was covered with a matty kind of bristled hair. His face resembled an animal. At the base of a long, wolf-like nose, small, tusk-like teeth protruded from clenched lips, dripping with saliva. His eyes were cruel and hungry, utterly removed from any human compassion. Clutching a damp tree-trunk with his matted claws, his hooded eyes, narrowing into slits beneath his bushy brow searched the wooded stillness of the woods and spied a lone figure walking in the churchyard 50 yards away. Immediately, his appetite for human blood was aroused and he had to satisfy it the only way he knew how.

The sudden baying of a wild animal startled the gravedigger as he stopped shoveling a plot. Despite the fog, his squinting eyes caught a grey, hunched figure moving quickly toward him. As the snarling noises came closer, he became terribly frightened and turned to run, but the hideous beast was upon him as he tried to struggle from its vice-like grip. But it was too late.

The following morning, Larry awakened from a peaceful sleep to discover animal tracks in his room. As last night's horrible events returned to his memory, a terrible sense of guilt seized him. Shocked at seeing animal tracks on the floor, he quickly rubbed the smudges from the floor. Approaching the window, his body froze as he saw the familiar figure of Capt. Montford and several other hunters examining the grounds for tracks. Instinctively, Larry moved away from the window in an effort not to be seen. After dressing and leaving his room that morning, he learned from his father that another murder had occurred of the same nature and that animal tracks led up to Talbot castle. Shortly after, he drove to the village with his father for Mass that morning. Entering the

House of Worship, his sense of guilt concerned with last evening's crime, seemed to arouse a silent form of hostility from the villagers which caused him to leave Church abruptly.

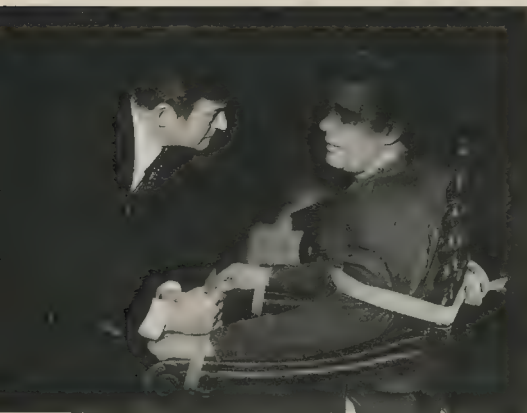
Later that evening at Talbot castle, Larry made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain aid from Dr. Lloyd who mistook his questions concerning werewolves as symptoms of shock and prescribed rest instead.

The next day, to satisfy the village's growing alarm regarding the recent murders, Capt. Montford supervised the setting of traps in the woods in a hopeful attempt to capture the beast.

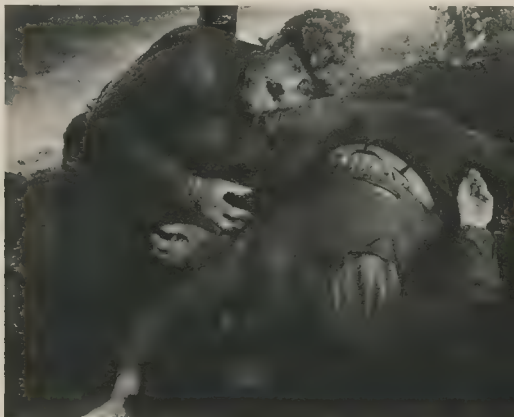
Later that evening, Larry was horrified to discover himself caught in an animal trap with a concerned Meleva attempting to aid him. Hearing the barking of hunting dogs approaching him from the other end of the woods, filled him with the fear of a trapped animal. After removing the steel teeth of the traps from his leg, he limped away and hurriedly disappeared into the fog.

Feeling himself caught in an inescapable web of an evil destiny beyond his control, Larry came to a decision and made a secret attempt to see Gwen that same evening. Awakened by noises at her window, a worried Gwen clutched her bathrobe around her body as she walked downstairs to the empty store to let Larry in. "I'm leaving tonight!" he said with a trace of fear in his voice. Larry's troubled expression and his plans to leave Lanwelly instantly aroused her true feelings for him again. "Take me with you!" she cried. Larry then emotionally blurted out his participation in the last murder, and almost weakened to Gwen's desire to be with him, until he saw the unmistakable sign of the pentagram in her hand. Terrified at the meaning of this sign, he rushed out of her house into the night.

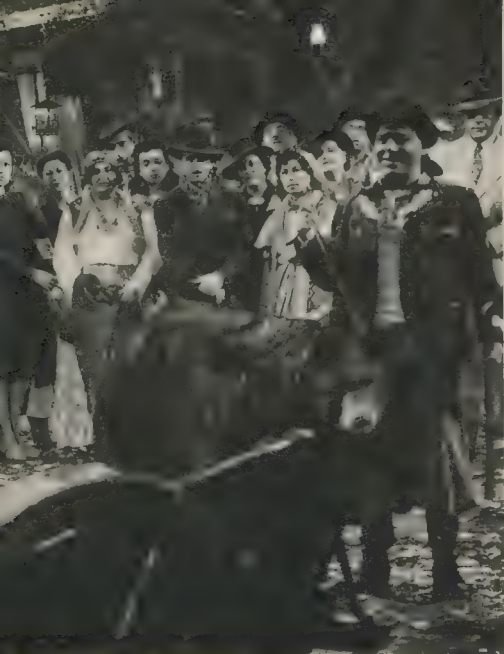
That same night, in a state of desperation, the distraught Larry confessed everything to his father. Unable to restrain his skepticism at his son's fantastic story any longer, his father exploded, "Gypsy woman! So now we're getting down to it! So she's the one who's filling your mind with this werewolf nonsense!" Convinced that his son's participation in these crimes



Sir John ties Larry to a chair, and leaves him to work out the wolf man problem in his mind.



The wolf man kills the gravedigger.



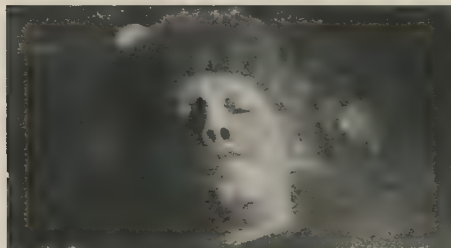
A Gypsy challenges any man in the crowd to wrestle the bear, and Larry Talbot accepts the challenge.



Dr. Lloyd remains on the platform, but Sir John goes in search of the werewolf on foot.



MM presents the first exclusive photo of the pentagram medallion. There are only three like it in the world. One is in the Universal City prop department, and the other two belong to the two owners of Pentagram Pictures. All three are made of pure, solid silver.



The wolf man is transformed into Talbot for the last time.

was all in his mind, Sir John decided to strap his son to the chair in his room in an effort to prove once and for all that his son's fears are imaginary. But before he left to join the villagers to hunt the murdering beast, Larry made a strange request: that he take the silver headed cane with him to the hunt.

The chilly dampness of the wooded autumn air seemed to seep through Sir John's overcoat as he approached the recently erected shooting stand containing Capt. Contford and the others. As the group were checking their rifles, Dr. Lloyd was disturbed when Sir John revealed that he did not follow his instructions to give his son a sleeping pill. "In the morning, he'll have conclusive proof that all this foolishness is all in his mind!" Sir John replied. At this point, Frank Andrews pointed to the direction of the wood and said, "The beaters are driving it to this point!" Driven by his own insatiable curiosity, Sir John decided to venture into the woods alone. The fog, drifting up from the bogs, made the aged twisted trees seem like ghostly phantoms, dwarfing him. Then a strange voice cried out, "You're not afraid of the night are you, Sir John?" Startled, he turned around and saw Maleva addressing him from a horse-drawn wagon. Recognizing her from Larry's description, he began to scoff at her witches tales until a shot rang out from the shooting stand. Alarmed, he ran off into the wood. At this very instant back at the shooting stand, a puzzled look appeared on Capt. Montford's face as he lowered his smoking rifle, "I could have sworn I hit him dead on! - - -" His shooting companion, Dr. Lloyd, grinned and said, "You forget that it takes a silver bullet to kill a werewolf!"

Despite Maleva's warning against wandering through the woods alone while the hunt was on, Gwen, in her emotional concern for Larry, ran into the woods, also. Several tense moments later, Sir John's excitable anticipation at coming face to face with the animal seemed thwarted when he momentarily lost his way in some rather heavy undergrowth. Then the sound of a wolf's cry piercing the night immediately aroused his senses. Arriving quickly at the scene, his blood froze as he discovered a large two-legged beast attacking Gwen! Conquering his fear at the sight of such an unearthly-looking beast, he pulled the monster away from the unconscious woman and viciously attacked with the silver cane. Putting all his weight behind the stick, he struck the animal again and again until he felt it weaken and drop at it's feet. Too exhausted to raise the stick anymore, he staggered against a tree, trying to regain his breath. Then Maleva reappeared and repeated those same gypsy incantations as she did in front of her son's casket. Sir John then was shocked speechless as he saw the dead beast slowly resume the natural appearance of his son, Larry Talbot. The curse of the werewolf had left his spiritual state.

Capt. Montford, Dr. Lloyd and the villagers immediately arrived on the scene and saw the dead body of Larry Talbot and his mute, shocked father nearby. Misinterpreting the tragedy, Capt. Montford consolingly said, "The wolf must have attacked Gwen, and Larry came to the rescue, I'm sorry, Sir John - - -"

The village of Lanwelly is terrorized no more.





PRODUCTION INFORMATION

In creating the unusual realistic "Werewolf" makeup, Universal's makeup head, **Jack Pierce** worked on sketches accumulated from research of descriptions found in old Welsh Tales. After selecting a satisfying sketch, Pierce reworked a miniature clay model before using the final design as the basis for the makeup that he applied to the actor. After applying the long rubber wolfish-nose to the actor which was built over his life-mask, a shaggy wolf's head wig and additional hair were applied to his face, which was cut, curled and singed, depending on that particular feature. Next, his hands and feet were covered with hairy, glove-like covering. Artificial teeth were then applied over his own dentures to complete the transformation. Most of the hair used in this makeup is actually thin strands of kelp gathered off the California coast which has a glossy appearance and stiff shagginess which photographs very realistically. (Note: It was recently discovered that Chaney's makeup for **The Wolfman**, was actually conceived by Jack Pierce for Henry Hull in **Werewolf of London**, 6 years earlier. But, due to the star's dislike of the lengthy application, a less effective makeup design was created for Hull and the first design was abandoned.)

To create a 100-year-old Welsh castle as background for **The Wolfman**, Art Director, **Jack**

Otterson created a 4 story English Castle, complete with drawing rooms, circular stairways and an elaborate round tower containing an astronomer's retreat. The lavish forest which served as an eerie setting for the werewolf was also created by Otterson, who further heightened the unreality of the set by having the forest floor covered by a fog created by concealed pipes.

The Gypsy Carnival centered against the enormous forest set was highlighted by the impressive performance of **La Riana**, noted Gypsy dancer. The vivid musical accompaniment was contributed by **Chisco de Verdi**, violin leader and Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra.

Both **Claude Rains** and **Lon Chaney Jr.** who play father and son, made invisible film debuts. Rains' initial film was **The Invisible Man** in 1933. Young Chaney was also unseen in his first film, **Girl Crazy**. He was on the end of the chorus line unseen behind a pillar.

A large quantity of props were created and used for this production. The largest was a huge American Black Bear named Samson who weighed 600 lbs. He was used in a wrestling match with Lon Chaney Jr. in the gypsy carnival scene. The smallest prop was in the wolf-head silver cane created in the studio's precision shop.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Lon and Evelyn clown around while relaxing on the set.



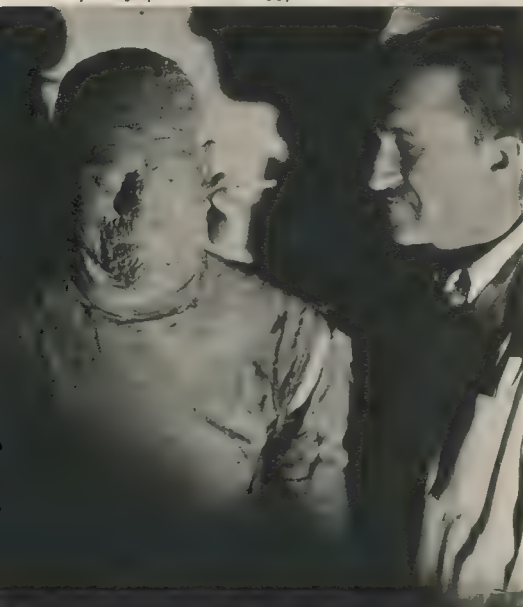
Lon Chaney Jr. receives a manicure from Evelyn Ankers.



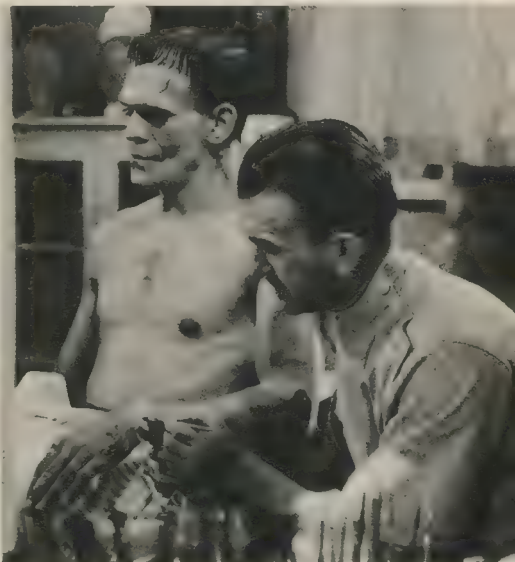
Evelyn Ankers pays back Lon Chaney for a neck-biting scene by giving him a trimming.



Completing the face mask of the wolf man, make-up expert Jack Pierce arrange his hair that is made of sea kelp, which photographs as stiff, shaggy locks.



Jack Pierce putting the finishing touches to the remarkable make-up of Karloff for "The Mummy."



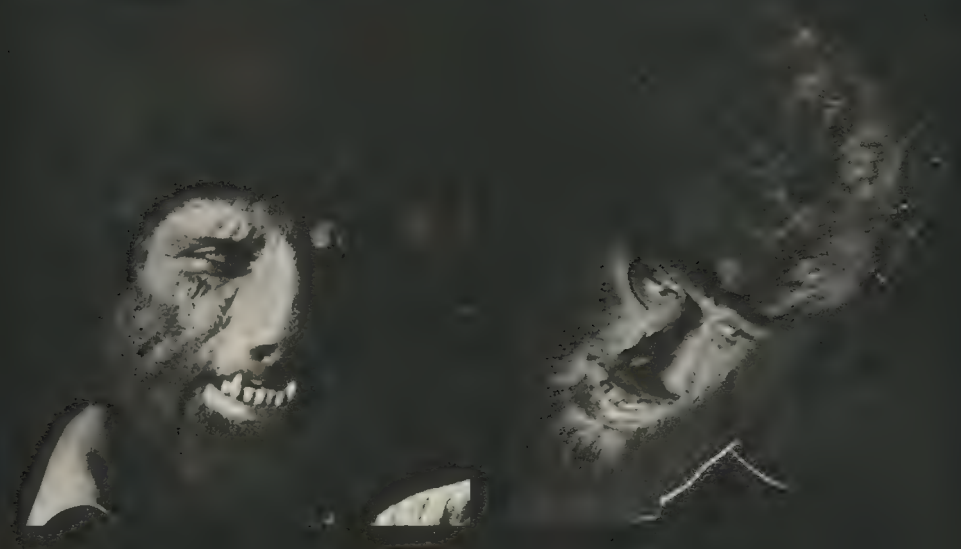
In the course of making up Karloff for his role of The Monster in the Universal drama, Jack Pierce, head of the studio make-up department, begins the fashioning of a scar on the actor's wrist.



When Bill Mahon brought some stims to the office from United Artists's *Beauty And The Beast* we all remarked how similar it was to that of the famous Wolf Man created by Jack Pierce.

A few days later Bill walks in and deposits the photos reproduced here.

Here's Jack Pierce **CAUGHT IN THE ACT** applying his handy work on actor Mark Damon. The year was 1961. (note the familiar faces on Mr. Pierce's mirror.) The mystery behind the make up of UA's *Beauty and the Beast* is now solved! Thanks to eagle eye Mahon.





"Brides of Fu Manchu"



Christopher Lee going through the laborious daily make-up routine for his characterization of Fu Manchu.



Baron Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) catches up on the headlines between scenes of "Frankenstein Created Woman."

what's new in

MONSTERDOM

Hammer has completed their third Mummy epic entitled **The Mummy's Shroud**, which began filming at Bray in September, 1966. André Morell, familiar to Hammer fans for his roles in **The Hound of the Baskervilles** and, more recently, **Plague of the Zombies**, stars with Elizabeth Sellars. The film, produced by Hammer in association with Seven Arts, is scheduled for 20th-Fox release — in Color, of course.

Speaking of Fox, they now have ready for release five more Hammer/Seven Arts productions: **The Devil's Own**, **Frankenstein Created Woman**, **One Million Years B.C.**, **Prehistoric Women** and **The Viking Queen** — all in Color and Wide Screen.

It must now be sadly noted that the crowded schedule imposed upon Hammer by their partnership with Seven Arts is painfully apparent in the obvious decline in their devotion to fine production values. And too, the sex Hammer used to pour into his early films is now presented in a way that would make the producers of those cheap "nudie" bluffs. A perfect example is **The Viking Queen**, which fans will find closely resembles the kind of mediocre "space-epics" usually done in two days outside Rome. See the Rise and Fall of Hammer Films.

Turning to less depressing things, American International began filming the most beast production in their history, a \$3,000,000 comedy-fantasy entitled **F. T. Barnum's Rocket to the Moon**, scheduled for release sometime in 1967. Britain's Anglo-Amalgamated Productions and Germany's UFA International helped in the making of the picture. The cast includes Burt Ives (as Barnum), Troy Donahue, Gert Fröde, Daliah Lavi and Renita Holt. Harry Alan Towers, the brains behind the current Bu. Mauché series, is producing the film in Ireland, with Don Sharp directing. It's strictly routine modern-day and gross-

ises to be a winner on the grand scale of Warner Bros.' 1958 **From the Earth to the Moon**.

Producer-director William Castle has signed a new pact with Paramount calling for a minimum of four films to be made in the next two years. The first motion picture under the new deal will be tentatively titled **Project X**, scripted by Edmund Morris. **The Spirit Is Willing** was Castle's first picture for Paramount under an earlier pact and his second. **The Busy Body**, is now in production with Sid Caesar and Anne Baxter. It's a modern ghost comedy.

Charlton Heston, who has specialized in monumental roles like Moses and Michelangelo, will plunge into the future when he stars in **Planet of the Apes**, based on the sci-fi horror story by Pierre Boulle. Rod Serling has done the screenplay, and Jack P. and Arthur F. Jacobs is the producer.

Herman Cohen, infamous for their two teenage horror "epics" he did while at AIP back in the fifties, has filmed **Circus of Blood** in London. Rose Crawford stars with Diana Dors. Scheduled for October, '66.

The Charles F. P. production of **Casino Royal**, the only Bond thriller not owned by Saltzman and Broccoli, is supposed to be finished after ten months of filming at a budget \$9,000,000, greater than expected. It stars Peter Sellers, David Niven, Ursula Andress and Woody Allen. And is described as a comedy. We doubt if Columbia (who are financing it) are in the mood for laughter.

MGM's **The Vampire Killers** is now ready for release. The publicity blurb says of it: "A fang-tastic horror drama about a couple of people who go hunting for a castle full of batty vampires. It's humor in every possible vein!" Famed film-maker Roman Polanski directed it, not to mention co-writing the screenplay.

with Terence Brock. He also stars in the film as the way. The other players include Sharon Tate and Jack MacGowan. It's in Panavision and Color.

"Stanley Kubrick has created a film destined to become a major breakthrough in motion picture technique. It is an epic of mankind, it's pre-history and it's future. It is an astonishingly beautiful visual experience seen in the breathtaking sweep of Cinerama. Von will be projected into an adventure of exploration from Earth to Moon; through the Solar System; out to Jupiter and then on to the Stars." It's one of the biggest block-busters MGM has ever done. 2001: A Space Odyssey. Ken Danby stars.

And while we're mentioning 2001, it must be well put in a word for "13," a modern terror tale starring David Niven and Sharon Tate, along with Deborah Kerr and "space-epic" Donald Sutherland (Flesh and the Fiends) Pleasance.

Boris Karloff has a co-starring role with Robert Laughlin and Eike Sommer in **The Venetian Affair**, a new adventure (also from MGM).

Producer Al Zimbalist of Allied Artists is mulling over a future Poe property, **Edgar Allan Poe's World of the Horribles**, possibly to star Victor Buono.

Lon Chaney's **Cannibal Orgy**, done quite some time ago, was held back from release because of production difficulties. Jack Hill wrote and directed it.

Universal still has a film version of Ray Bradbury's classic **Martian Chronicles** on its schedule. The film is to be done in collaboration with Pakula. MCA/Universal Productions, the company responsible for the award-winning **Strangers with Candy**, is also working on **To Kill a Mockingbird**.

Heinspacher Pictures, the fast-buck exploitation outfit who recently put out that **Blood Drinkers/Black Cat** double bill, are readying **Orgy of Blood** and **The Synthetic Man** (screenplay shooting May '66, 1966).

Hammer's **Dracula** — **Prince of Darkness** — was among the top money-makers in England for 1966. In fact, it was the only horror film awarded that honor. The other titles included such titles as **Thunderball**, **Alfie** and **Help!**

Finally, here's a quick list of some of the new titles:

Nightmare Castle (Allied Artists, starring John F. Lee, Steele).

Dr. Goldfoot and the Girl Bombs (Embassy, starring Vincent Price comedy series from AIP).

Psycho-Circus (Formerly **Circus of Blood**, starring Christopher Lee, from AIP in Color).

Mad Monster Party (An animated picture, featuring the voice of Boris Karloff, released by Embassy Pictures).

The Terrornauts, starring Susan Dey and Kim Marshall, also from Embassy.

Voyage to the Prehistoric Planet (Blue Bird, from AIP; Color).

They Came from Beyond Space (Robert Hutton and Jennifer Jayne star in this Embassy release).

The Deadly Rees (An Amicus Production, from Paramount in Technicolor, starring Suzanne Church and Frank Finlay).

Marat/Sade (An Al. Shakespeare Company production, a version of shocking play, from United Artists).

The Projected Man, starring Bryant Haskin and Mary Peach, from Universal in Color.

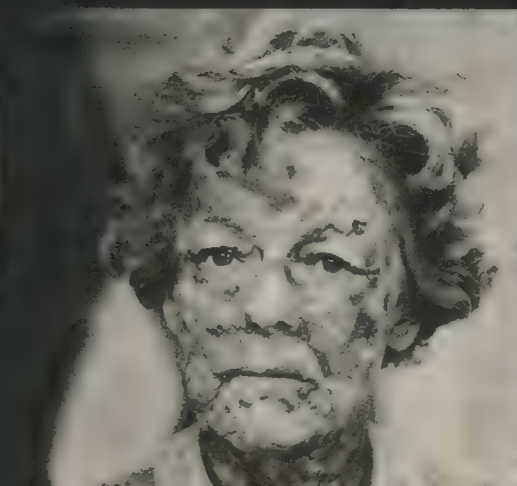
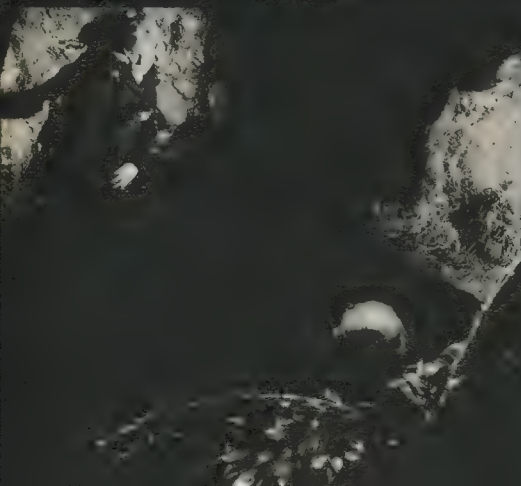
The Island of Terror (Peter Cushing starring, a Terence Fisher thriller, also from Universal).

The Vulture, (Paramount, Technicolor, with Robert Hutton, Broderick Crawford and Dinnie Clare).

And last — but far from least — is **You Only Live Twice**, the biggest James Bond picture ever from United Artists.

The Vulture

The Deadly Rees



THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN

by
CHRIS FELLNER

A dull, clanging death bell echoed through the chill morning air as Baron Victor Frankenstein emerged into the prison court yard from his cell. Before him stood the dread guillotine whose glistening blade would soon snuff out his life. Walking with slow, even steps, Frankenstein proceeded to the base of the scaffold, accompanied by two prison guards. A priest began praying for Frankenstein's soul while the Baron glared defiantly up at the blade that was poised to come crashing down upon his neck. There was no turning back. There was no hope for Victor Frankenstein.

At last, the priest finished his prayers. Victor turned to be led up the few wooden steps. . . . Suddenly one of the guards, a twisted dwarf of a man, leaped upon the priest and hurried him up the steps into the arms of the brawny executioner. Within a few moments, it was all over. Before Victor's stunned eyes, the priest forfeited his head to the sharp blade of the guillotine!

Victor Frankenstein was soon roaming the village streets a free man. The dwarf prison guard, Karl Werner, had been bribed by him. It was simply a matter of convincing the crippled little man that a new, perfect body would be the reward should he save Victor from his impending fate. Frankenstein vowed to keep his end of the bargain. The dead priest would be buried in his place, leaving him free to continue in the experiments he so dearly wanted to resume.

Victor found rooms above a tavern in the village and settled down for a warm meal and a bottle of rich, red wine. It soon occurred to him that he was in a position to prove to the world that he was not a madman — that his researches were successful. Plans began forming in his mind and were woven with only one purpose: REVENGE. Working very slowly, Victor could no doubt find employment as a doctor and begin a thriving practice while looking for a secluded place to resume his experiments. It would take time, but he was not impatient.

The dwarf, Karl, soon came rapping at Victor's door, anxious to acquire the new, perfect body Frankenstein had promised him. It was only after Victor had done a

good deal of explaining that the dwarf realized he would have to be patient and wait. He left, saddened, but soon returned, squirming nervously, obviously pained by something.

"My lord Baron — " he said.

"No!" Victor interrupted. "Never address me in that way again. Call me Doctor."

"Doctor Stein," Karl grinned.

A smile creased Victor's face. "Now what's troubling you?"

"My l —, Doctor, they are talking downstairs. About your body."

"There is always a lot of talk in taverns after an execution," Victor said. "I'd have thought you knew this better than anyone."

"There are two of them," Karl continued, disturbed, "who are being paid ten marks to provide a fresh corpse for the Medical School. There is not a very plentiful supply of corpses — but the supply of students is plentiful enough."

Victor's eyes grew wide as he suddenly realized Karl's meaning.

"My body!" he exclaimed.

"It's a fresh one," Karl nodded. "The freshest there is. And they've taken a fancy to the notion of digging up a real live Baron — I mean a real dead Baron."

"To a medical student I imagine one body will be much the same as another," said Victor.

"But when they open the coffin they may raise the alarm."

"Why should they? A corpse is a corpse — no more."

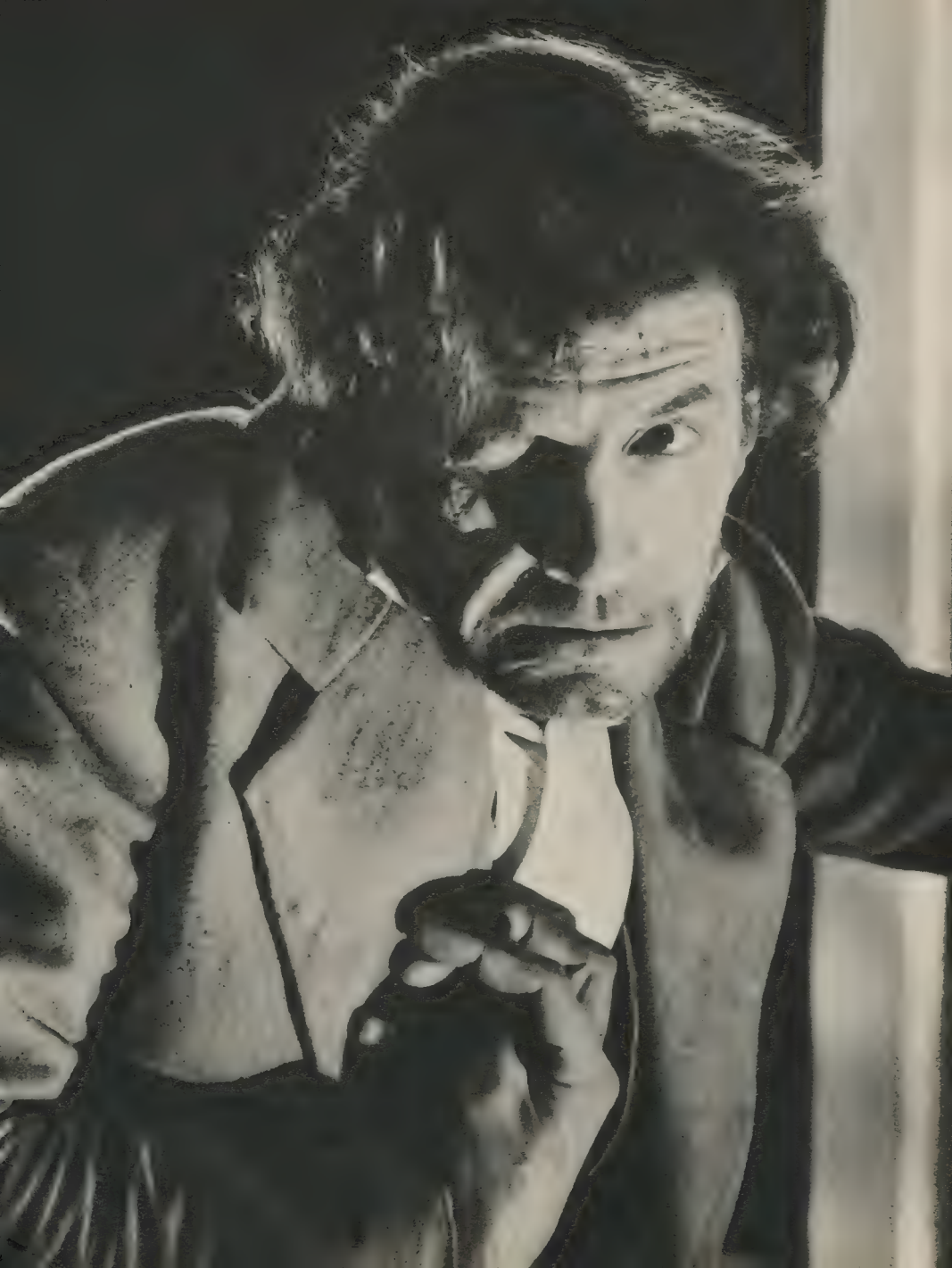
"We had to work fast, Doctor. We had no time to disrobe the priest."

Victor gasped. "You mean — "

"We had to bundle him in just as he was."

"We must go at once!" Victor cried, grabbing up his cloak.

Frankenstein and his dwarf friend hurried through the concealing shadows of the night to the village graveyard where they lay in wait for the two corpse thieves.





A dull clanging death bell echoed through the chill morning air.



Within moments, the grisly pair were spied sauntering along through the bushes with spades and a lantern. The two men came to a halt at what was believed to be the final resting place of Victor Frankenstein.

"See?" said one. "There you are, Kurt. A proper Baron under there."

"Think we could ask a bit more for him?"

The coffin was soon laid bare in its earthen hole. Fritz, the braver of the two, leaped into the grave and tore the coffin lid away.

"A PRIEST!" gasped Kurt. "What's he doing there? What . . . ?"

With a strangled, terrified sob, Kurt scurried off into the darkness like a madman. But Fritz remained, his courage bolstered by the thought of the ten marks such a fine, fresh corpse would bring him.

At this moment, Victor stepped from his hiding place stealthily. Fritz spun around, startled.

"Good evening," Victor said solemnly. "I am Baron Frankenstein."

The shock was too much for Fritz. He slumped into the grave in a faint. Victor and Karl heard a dull thud as the grave robber's spine met a protruding corner of the coffin. Victor stepped into the grave. It was obvious that the man was dead.

Victor saw to it that Karl hastily scraped freshly-turned earth back into the hole, covering the crumpled remains of the grave robber and the prize he had come after.

Before slipping away into the night as silently as he had come, Victor thrust a weather-beaten board into the soft earth. Upon it was scrawled his name.

Baron Victor Frankenstein was now officially dead and buried.

(II)

The village of Carlsbruck was chosen by Victor to be his new home. He found it difficult making a fresh start, as he expected, but he hadn't planned on the jealousy-inspired opposition of the local Medical Council toward new arrivals. However, within two years Victor was as prosperous and as honored as ever before. His clientel were of the highest echelon of society — rich, elderly matrons and love-starved hypochondriacs. Most annoying of these was the Countess Barscynska, whose persistent efforts to get Victor to notice her sickly daughter in a romantic frame of mind proved almost unbearable. Victor's work remained all that mattered. He took up a voluntary post at the Workhouse Hospital, caring for those too poor to pay. Little did anyone realize Victor's true purpose in being there.

One day, a ward assistant and general messenger, a filthy, insect-ridden wretch, confronted Victor.

"There's three men to see you, Dr. Stein," he said. "From the Medical Council."

"I can't see them now," said Victor. "They'll have to wait until I've finished my rounds."

"They seem impatient."

"I'll see them when I've finished. Have them wait in the ward."

The delegates from the Medical Council, a distinguished-looking group in their fine dress suits, stood uneasily among Victor's foul-smelling, moaning patients.

"Murdering butcher!" a patient screamed. He peered at one of the delegates. "You should come in and watch, you should. There's nothing he won't do to us — nothing!"



The wailing voices suddenly fell silent as Victor appeared in the doorway. Disregarding the three delegates, he moved to a man in a bed nearest the door.

"Quite a work of art — don't you think so, gentlemen?" Victor asked the delegates as he exposed a large tattoo on the man's arm.

"Doctor Stein —"

"A great deal of craftsmanship has been expended on this."

"Very picturesque," murmured the youngest of the three delegates.

"A great pity," Victor continued, "that so much effort should have been wasted." Turning to the patient, he said, "This has poisoned your arm. You have have it off."

The man protested angrily.

"The arm is no use to you," Victor shot back. "And in a few days' time you will find that the rest of your body is going to be of no use. I'll remove the arm this afternoon."

"No," the man sobbed. "Doctor, I won't be able to work. Won't be able to go to sea."

"Find a trade on land."

"He's already got one," chuckled a patient in the next bed.

"What is it?" Victor asked.

"Pickpocket."

"Then he'll have to find another trade — or use his other hand." Victor finally turned to the three delegates. "Well, gentlemen? What can I do for you?"

The oldest of them said, "I am the President of the Medical Council."

"At our last meeting it was unanimously decided that you should become a member."

"I'm greatly honored, gentlemen," Victor smiled.

"Then you'll accept?"

"No."

"Every doctor in the faculty regards your attitude as an insult!" hissed one.

Victor was suddenly angry. "When I arrived in Carlsbruck, every attempt was made by your organization to prevent my practicing medicine. You did not offer to accept me as a member then, gentlemen. Now I have built up a successful practice alone and unaided and have grown accustomed to working alone. I prefer it that way. Do I make myself clear?"

The three delegates left hurriedly.

"Doctor, you don't have to take it off — not really, do you?" sobbed the patient with the tattooed arm.

"Yes," Victor replied.

"It doesn't hurt me. I don't feel a thing."

"That in itself is a dangerous sign."

Victor strode out into the corridor with the man's wails of despair ringing in his ears. He had plans for that arm . . .

(III)

That evening, Victor settled down for a meal in his office at the Workhouse Hospital. He soon found himself to be not quite alone. A dark, brooding young man was standing in a shadowed corner of the room, watching.

"You must forgive this intrusion," said the stranger.

Victor recognized him as the youngest of the three delegates who had visited the hospital that afternoon.

"I don't recall inviting you to dinner," Victor frowned.

"I wished to renew our acquaintance. After a few moments with you this afternoon, I was sure I had seen you before."

"That's hardly surprising," Victor said casually. "I have been practicing in Carlsbruck for three years."

"Before that. A little more than three years ago, in fact."

Victor stiffened in his chair. The young man leaned closer.

"At the village of Ingstadt, I attended the funeral of one Prof. Bernstein. You've heard of him, no doubt?"

"Everyone has heard of Prof. Bernstein."

"I was in my final year as a student at the university where the professor was lecturing when he . . . died."

Victor smiled. "May I offer you some chicken, Doctor . . . er . . .?"

"Kleve, Hans Kleve. No thank you . . . The professor was buried in the family vault of Baron Frankenstein. Need I continue?"

"Certainly!" Victor smiled.

"I am the first, I suppose, to recognize you?" Hans asked.

"For what I am? Or what you would have me be — this Baron Frankenstein?"

"The resemblance is too striking. That and your present activities lead to only one conclusion."

Victor became suddenly serious. "So what if I am Baron Frankenstein?"

"Are you?"

"Just now YOU were telling ME! Now you are ask-

ing! Dr. Kleve, what makes you so interested in this gentleman?"

Victor smiled once more. "Not money? Need of knowledge. So that's it! In that case I admit that my name is Frankenstein. But it's a large family, don't forget. Remarkable since the Middle Ages, for productivity. There are offshoots everywhere — even in the Americas, I'm told. There is a town called Frankenstein in Germany . . ."

"Are you THE Baron Frankenstein?" Hans asked grimly.

"Then there are the Frankensteins emanating from the town of that name in Silesia," Victor continued.

"Are you Baron Frankenstein?"

Hans grinned slightly. "I told you I am in need of knowledge. I want to learn more than any university can teach me."

"Highly commendable."

"I want to be the pupil of the greatest doctor in the world," Hans said. "I want to be associated with the finest medical brain — to be your pupil, Baron Frankenstein."

"And if I refuse?"

"You won't."

"Either I employ you in my researches or . . . surely this is blackmail! An ugly failing in a doctor."

"I see it as an agreement of, shall we say, reciprocal pooling of ideas," corrected Hans. "Or an exchange of your knowledge for my assistance. My assistance and —"

"And your silence?" Victor looked at Hans solemnly. "I am not an easy man to work for."

"Few gifted men are."

"And when you have learned all I can teach you, then you might change your mind about keeping silent. How can I be sure?"

"You can never be sure."

Victor smiled. "The uncertainty of life is part of its fascination."

"So I, too, can never be sure." Hans' eyes fell upon the knife Victor held.

"My dear Dr. Kleve, you have put it perfectly."

"I will take the risk. You accept me as your pupil?"

"Dr. Kleve . . . Hans . . . before we go any farther, there is one thing we must establish. You must exercise great caution when addressing me. The name is Stein — Victor Stein."

When Victor had finished his meal, he said, "Come — I'll show you my laboratory."

Victor and Hans slipped out into a dark, chilly street and headed toward the City Gate. There, a heavy door in the city wall opened to admit Victor and his new assistant into an old abandoned wine cellar — abandoned, that is, until Victor had purchased it a few years before as a secluded base of operations for his experiments. Victor led Hans through a small door in the wine cellar to another door which opened on a flight of steps leading down into a series of shadowed catacombs. At the base of the steps stood yet another door, this one more formidable than the ones before. Victor rapped upon it and a small trap squeaked open, revealing Karl Werner's piercing eyes. Recognizing his master, the little dwarf unlatched the door and swung it open.

Hans couldn't help gazing in awe at the fantastic clutter of equipment he discovered arrayed before him as Victor led the way into the laboratory. There were



Karl stood nearby gazing up at the pale body that would soon be his as it swung lazily in its glass case.

tubes and wires and bubbling pipes snaking about among tables piled high with delicate machinery. A large electric generator stood to one side and a furnace roared with lashing tongues of flame. A chimpanzee chattered in its cage beside the furnace.

Karl Werner was hesitant to accept Hans as a friend and partner, but upon seeing Victor's nod of approval, the dwarf shook Hans' hand warmly.

"My name is Werner," he said "Karl Werner."

"I hope we shall work well together, Karl," Hans smiled.

"You collected the parcel?" Victor suddenly asked the dwarf.

"Over here, Doctor."

Karl unwrapped a cloth sack before Victor and Hans and revealed an arm darkened with tattoo marks.

"Isn't that the arm of the man in the Workhouse — the one you were examining this morning?" gasped Hans.

"It is indeed," Victor smiled. "I gather that while on land he is a pickpocket. To be a member of that profession you need sensitive fingers. They will be useful to me."

Victor moved to another table, motioning Hans to follow. Upon the table was arranged a series of snaking wires and tarpaulin-covered tanks.

"What is it, sir?" Hans asked.

"A brain. Let me demonstrate."

Victor pulled the cloth cover from one of the tanks, revealing a glass-paneled box filled with a clear fluid. Within the tank floated a pale severed hand—a woman's hand. Wires were attached to the stump of the wrist and curled out of the tank to a jumble of equipment nearby.

"If you burn your hand in a flame," Victor said, "what makes you snatch it away?"

"The nerves," replied Hans.

"Exactly. The nerves of the hand send a message to the brain, and the brain activates the muscles for withdrawing the hand. But you don't put your hand too near a fire if you SEE it first. The eyes recognize fire as a harmful agent before there is any need for the nerves to respond."

Victor uncovered a second tank. Inside, two eyeballs were submerged in the same clear fluid and gazed weirdly out at the two doctors on the ends of a fine series of wires.

Victor lit a candle. "Watch the eyes," he said.

To Hans' amazement, as Victor pressed the candle nearer the tank, the fleshless eyes rotated to keep the flame in view. Victor then moved the flickering candle over to the tank containing the severed hand. Suddenly the hand began writhing and struggling to escape from its glass enclosure. When Victor withdrew the flame, the hand once more fell motionless and drifted lazily in its bath of fluid.

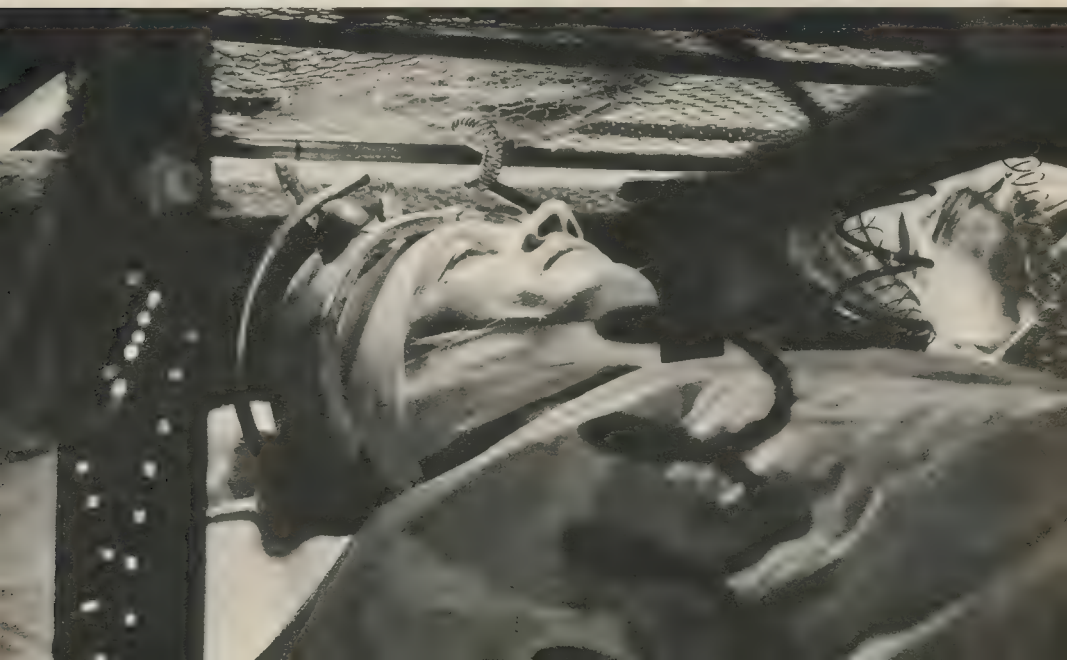
"Fascinating, isn't it?" Victor smiled as he blew out the candle.

Hans was stunned. "This is . . . a brain?"

"All this paraphernalia," Victor said, "and capable of only one simple reaction. Can you imagine the complexity of the human brain? One-tenth the size of all this, and a million times more efficient. It controls every action and reaction, it stores memories, it motivates all life. And this is all I have been able to achieve so far."

"You should be proud," said Hans. "I've never seen anything like it."

Victor and Hans set up the framework of wood and wires over Karl's huge, lifeless body.



Victor smiled weakly and led Hans farther into the catacombs of the laboratory. Stopping at a curtained partition, Victor asked:

"You know that Frankenstein was condemned to death?"

"Yes."

"You know what for?"

"It was said that he murdered a girl who had been his mistress," Hans replied.

"And his defence?"

"You . . . that is he claimed to have created a being which went berserk."

"It should have been perfect," Victor muttered. "I made it to be perfect. If the brain hadn't been damaged, my work would have been hailed as the greatest scientific achievement of all time. Frankenstein would then have been accepted as one of the world's great geniuses instead of branded as a murderer. But I shall have my revenge — the satisfaction of making fools of them all. This is something I am proud of . . ."

Victor quickly tore the curtains aside. There before them stood a towering glass case, and within its transparent panels was a body — a perfect human being. A faint vapor drifted around the body as it swung gently in the case. Its face was a weird, blank mask, completely devoid of any personality.

"Who is he?" Hans whispered.

"Nobody," said Victor. "He isn't born yet. But this time he's perfect, except for a few small scars which will soon heal."

"He's not . . . alive?"

"Not yet."

"You made this body from other bodies?" Hans asked, intrigued.

Victor smiled. "My voluntary work at the Hospital serves me well. All that is lacking now is the

brain. Then I can give it life. You've seen the result of this" — Victor gestured toward the crude mechanical brain he had demonstrated earlier — "and it's by no means my first attempt. I keep this cumbersome thing only to remind me of the impossibility of the task should I think of trying again. No . . . the brain must be a living one. Unlike the limbs, it is impossible to restore life to the brain once it has been harmed. I learned that — learned it bitterly — years ago. The brain is life . . . and so a living brain must be used to control that body."

"That would mean committing murder!" Hans gasped.

"Not necessarily. I have a volunteer. He's here — in the laboratory."

Hans cringed slightly at the thought.

"No, Hans, not you," Victor laughed. "Your brain is too valuable where it is. There he is . . ."

Hans followed Victor's eyes to Karl, who was occupied with entertaining the chimpanzee.

"Karl Werner?" Hans said, surprised. "But surely that paralysis of his indicates an injury to the brain?"

"I've examined him thoroughly," Victor replied. "The paralysis is due to a blood clot. This can be dispersed during the operation. I can't reshape his deformed body — but I can make sure that when the trouble has been cleared his brain will be able to function normally in a normal body. He has a fine brain. He's intelligent . . . quick . . . and he has absorbed a great deal of knowledge since working with me. Haven't you, Karl?"

The dwarf smiled and nodded toward Hans. "Dr. Stein is welcome to my brain, so long as he rids me of this." He slapped a first against his deformed chest.

"You must have great faith in Dr. Stein," said Hans.

"I have," smiled Karl. The dwarf then returned to playing with the chimpanzee. Hans turned to Victor solemnly.

"Are you sure it can be done?" he asked.

"The operation will be a complete success."

(IV)

The following morning, Victor was surprised to find a very beautiful young lady in his consulting room. The girl was not there as a patient, she casually explained, but came to offer her services as a trained nurse. Her name was Margaret Conrad.

Victor was hardly in the mood to tolerate the foolish fancies of a young woman, and the fact that Miss Conrad's aunt was the Countess Barscynski, whom Victor absolutely despised, did little to put her in the doctor's favor.

"I shall be at the Hospital at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," Margaret said defiantly.

"Miss Conrad, I thought I had made it clear," Victor replied. "Your services are not required."

"You have an exaggerated opinion of your own power," the girl smiled. "My father is the Minister responsible for all hospitals and asylums. He has agreed that I shall work with you. So you see, Dr. Stein, you have no choice. Nine o'clock Doctor?"

"As you say, Miss Conrad, I have no choice."

"I shall not interfere with your work, Doctor. I promise you that."

The next morning, Margaret Conrad arrived at the



In the weeks that followed, Victor balanced his time between observing Karl's recovery and practicing at the Hospital.



Karl pulled the corpse down and, spurred on by disgust, proceeded to thrust it into the roaring flames.

Hospital right on time, but Victor had other things to attend to and left it to Hans to meet her. Hans was quickly attracted to the girl, for she seemed to have a way of cheering up the wards. Even Karl was eager to accept her.

Hans reported everything to Victor that night over a drink. When the two doctors had finished their wine, Victor grabbed up his cloak and they set out for the laboratory, for that evening Karl would at last be given his new body.

In a few moments, Victor and Hans were in the laboratory preparing the surgical instruments for the delicate operation to come. Karl stood nearby gazing up at the pale body that would soon be his as it swung lazily in its glass case.

"Keep looking at him, Karl," Hans smiled. "In a few hours that will be you."

Victor and Hans worked rapidly. The large, well-proportioned body was removed from its case and gently lowered onto a table. A wooden framework tangled with wires and electrical circuits stood nearby, connected to a large generator. Victor nodded toward Karl and the dwarf hurriedly stretched his gnarled little body out on the table beside the lifeless shell of flesh that would be himself soon. After Hans had applied chloroform, Karl felt nothing when Victor's scalpel sliced through the flesh of his scalp. Soon, Karl Werner's brain rested in the skull of his new, perfect body.

Victor and Hans set up the framework of wood and wires over Karl's huge, lifeless body and before long had a steady electrical current pulsing through it rhythmically. Suddenly, the corpse began to twitch and writhe like some great serpent. The new Karl Werner was alive!

"Anaesthetic!" Victor shouted to Hans.

"How long before he shows any signs of anima-

tion?" Hans asked once Karl had been quieted.

"An hour or so," Victor replied. "When he regains consciousness his brain will take some time to adjust itself to his new body. He must have complete rest, and avoid any abrupt or violent movement." As a precaution I shall keep him strapped down for a few days. We can't leave our friend here. I want to keep him under constant observation, and I really can't make the journey out here several times a day. We must get him to the Hospital. There's an attic room we can use."

"Won't that be dangerous?" Hans asked.

"I'll ensure that nobody can get in."

"I was thinking of HIM, so soon after the operation..."

"We'll take good care of him," Victor smiled.

He and Hans spirited Karl's new body out of the cellar and raced with it in an ambulance through the brightening streets to the Workhouse Hospital as dawn began to streak the sky. The two men hurried their unconscious burden through a side entrance and up a number of stairs to a cramped room at the top of the Hospital. Gently, Karl was placed upon a lone bed and was strapped down for his own safety.

As Victor and Hans turned to leave, Karl's eyes suddenly jerked open and he let out a tortured, blood-curdling scream...

(V)

In the weeks that followed, Victor balanced his time between observing Karl's recovery and practicing at the Hospital. As he worked, he began to notice a growing affection between Hans and Margaret Conrad, whose presence at the Hospital continued to irritate Victor.

Time passed very slowly for Victor and Hans as they studied Karl. They found it difficult teaching him

to speak once more, as though his new body would not respond to commands from the dwarf's brain. Lying strapped to his bed, Karl had fallen into a sad melancholy, occasionally choosing to ignore his master's attempts at helping him.

One day, after making sudden, surprising strides towards Karl's complete recovery, Victor spoke to Hans as they stood a good distance from Karl's bed in the attic room.

"Except for the movement of the right hand," Victor whispered, "his reactions are excellent. Even better than I had expected, though it has taken longer than I planned. Don't overtact him, but keep his mind active. We must take it in turns from now on. I want to keep him cheerful and occupied. Talk to him. Keep a record of his progress. When he shows signs of fatigue, you know what to do. Send for me at once if you need me — and when I'm here with him, I'll do the same. We must compare notes every time without fail."

The strain placed on Victor by Karl's slowness in adjusting to his new body showed in the doctor's growing resentment of Margaret Conrad. Though her bubbly, cheerful manner seemed to please the patients, it had rather the opposite effect on Victor. He particularly disliked her friendship with the disgusting, untrustworthy wretch who acted as messenger at the Hospital.

Victor's skepticism was proven all too justified. Margaret managed to wheedle a master key from the messenger and snuck into Karl's room, simply to satisfy her feminine curiosity. To her surprise, the sad stranger she found strapped to a bed seemed to know her. Margaret's heart went out to him. She gave him her address, saying that when he is finally cured and leaves the Hospital, he is to come visit her.

At this time, Victor and Hans returned to the laboratory, their day's rounds at the Hospital completed. There were a few things they had to finish up, and Otto the chimpanzee needed to be fed. Victor did so as Hans watched with interest.

"Did Otto eat flesh before you operated?" Hans asked, amazed.

"No. I discovered it soon after the operation. He ate his wife."

"Ate another monkey?"

"What else would he be married to?"

Hans was disturbed. "Do you mean he turned into a cannibal?"

"Yes," Victor replied. "I didn't attempt to correct it. He had been through enough already, and he's perfectly happy and in good health."

"But suppose . . . I mean . . . could the same thing happen to Karl?"

"There's no fear of that," Victor said. "So long as his brain is given time to heal and develop its functions gradually. Otto became agitated after his operation. He fractured one of the cells in the brain."

"Does Karl know about what happened to Otto?"

"He does. It's just as well. He will take no unnecessary risks. Besides, with a less primitive brain than Otto's he can evaluate problems more skillfully. No, I have no fears about Karl."

As Victor spoke, he had no way of knowing what thoughts were racing through his creature's mind as it lay in the attic room at the Workhouse Hospital . . .

The straps that Margaret Conrad had loosened fell away from Karl and he rose from his bed shakily. For the first time, he stood erect in his new, straight body.

Stealthily, he slipped out the window and across the rooftops. Something was drawing Karl to Victor's laboratory . . .

(VI)

Victor and Hans were gone when Karl snuck into the shadowed catacombs of the abandoned wine cellar he knew so well. He began to search desperately for something and found it upon throwing open a closet door well-hidden deep in the farthest recesses of the cellar. Within the closet hung Karl's old, twisted body, preserved by Victor for future study. Karl pulled the corpse down and, spurred on by disgust, proceeded to thrust it into the roaring flames of the furnace. The fire quickly consumed the only evidence left of Karl's painful former life. He then turned his attention to gathering up what personal belongings he had left behind.

As Karl moved about through the laboratory, he was unaware of the presence of someone close by — the janitor whom Frankenstein had hired to watch over the cellar. It was obvious in the clumsy way the janitor moved his bulky frame towards Karl that he had been drinking. The janitor knew only that this man he was found breaking into Dr. Stein's laboratory must be dealt with forcibly . . .

Karl spun about in surprise as the janitor lurched at him brandishing a heavy stool. A struggle followed, with Karl shrinking back in an effort to escape the drunken janitor's vicious blows. Again and again the janitor smashed his first into Karl's face with a fiendish glee, receiving a kind of sadistic satisfaction from inflicting pain upon the young man who seemed helpless to defend himself. But the janitor's enjoyment was soon cruelly interrupted. Karl's sad, placid face suddenly twisted and contorted before the janitor's amazed eyes into the drooling features of a hellish, blood-lusting demon. Karl was upon the frightened man with a leap and choked the life out of him.

A strange, hideous desire began searing Karl's mind as he stood, dazed, over the janitor's bulky corpse. He couldn't comprehend the hunger he felt — a hunger for human flesh. Karl turned and dashed out of the laboratory, terrified by the thoughts that were now eating away at his brain.

(VII)

Victor and Hans stood in Karl's room at the Workhouse Hospital, stunned. The lone bed pushed up against the wall was empty.

"But how could he have undone the straps?" Victor asked Hans. "He was settled down when I left him. What happened before that?"

"Nothing," Hans replied hoarsely.

"Pull yourself together, man! There must be some reason. What did you do when I had left?"

"I . . . I talked to him, as you advised. I told him of your plans for the future."

"What plans?"

"About the people who would come to see him. Doctors and scientists from all over the world. I told him what an important figure he would be."

"And his old body . . . you told him about that?"

"I . . ."

"Did you?"

"Yes," Hans sighed, ashamed. "I said you would hold student lectures, showing him in his normal body



Victor and Hans rushed to Karl's side amid a rustle of frightened whispers.



With Hans' help, Victor destroyed Karl's corpse.



Victor and Hans were gone when Karl snuck into the shadowed catacombs of the abandoned wine cellar he knew so well.



Hans Kleeve assists Victor in his rounds.



After Hans had applied the chloroform, Karl felt nothing when Victor's scalpel sliced through the flesh of his scalp.

alongside the embalmed old body. I tried to make him feel how wonderful it would be to play such a part in the advancement of medical science."

Victor smashed his hand across Hans' face in a rage. "You fool! You blundering fool! Do you know nothing of human reactions? He has been a curiosity all his life, and now you tell him . . ."

Nothing more could be said. Victor turned from Hans, his face betraying the mental anguish he was going through. Where could Karl have gone?

"The laboratory!"

Victor and Hans rushed frantically back to the secluded wine cellar and found the janitor's body sprawled where Karl had left it. Victor soon discovered that Karl's old body was missing from the closet. A piece of smoldering, stinking flesh lying before the furnace door made it all too obvious what Karl had done.

"Suppose his brain was damaged in the fight?"

Hans asked.

Victor gave no reply.

(VIII)

Karl remembered the address Margaret Conrad had given him. She would be kind to him. She would treat him as a human being, not as some specimen in a jar.

So it was that Margaret went to the stables of her Aunt's estate one morning to feed a new foal and discovered Karl cringing in the hay, terrified.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I had to get away. You said you would help me."

"Don't tell him," Karl gasped. "Please don't tell him."

Margaret could see that Karl required medical attention, but the mere mention of his returning to Dr. Stein's hospital threw him into fits of despair. Margaret finally decided it was best that Karl stay in the stable while she notified Hans Kleeve.

Karl waited restlessly after Margaret had gone. An uneasiness was coming over him and he was frightened by its strange, grotesque sensations. To Karl's horror, he discovered that his right arm had withered into a pitiful mockery of its former self. He sobbed helplessly at the sight, desperately writhing and clutching at himself. But there was no hope for him. His right leg fell lame, dangling limply from his body like a piece of wood. The muscles in his face twitched convulsively. His shoulders drooped forward. What was grotesque and horrible in Karl's old dwarfed body was magnified to an even more frightening degree in the large flesh he now owned. And again, that hideous desire Karl knew all too well began gnawing at his brain . . .

(IX)

Victor heard the whole sequence of events from Hans that night as the two doctors set out for Countess Barszynska's estate to attend a dinner party she was holding. Hans related how Margaret had come to him seeking help for Karl, who was in her Aunt's stables, and how when they got there, Karl was nowhere to be found. Hans felt guilty for not having informed Victor before he left with Margaret.

"It's all my fault," the young doctor said softly as he and Victor bounced along through the night in a carriage. "I know I'm to blame for this . . . but I thought it wiser to go myself. When Miss Conrad told me she had promised . . ."

"You should have come to me at once!" Victor



Karl was upon the frightened man with a leap and choked the life out of him.

frowned. "These interfering women . . ." He poked his head out of the window and shouted up at the driver, "Can't we go any faster?"

"We're in the park now, sir."

But just as the Countess' estate came into view with its flickering, diamond-like lights, the carriage lurched to a halt. A group of villagers stood on the road holding their torches high to reveal an efficient-looking police officer.

"Why have you stopped?" Victor asked the coachman angrily.

The police officer stepped toward the carriage door.

"It's you, Dr. Stein," he said.

"It is, and I'm in a great hurry."

"Sorry, sir, but we have to check everyone passing this way. There's been a murder in the vicinity."

Victor opened the coach door and stepped down. "Can I be of any assistance? This is Dr. Kleve."

"We'll need a report on the condition of the body," the police officer replied. "If you wouldn't mind examining it . . ."

"Certainly."

Victor and Hans were led to the crumpled, mutilated form of a young girl lying some distance away. With a grimace, Victor realized he was looking at Karl's handiwork.

A young boy — the girl's sweetheart — sat upon the ground, speechless, staring dully at nothing in particular.

"When did this happen?" Victor asked the police officer.

"About an hour ago, so the boy says."

"Did he — the boy — see who attacked her?"

"All I can get out of him, sir, is that he and the girl had quarrelled. He was walking away when she . . ."

"She screamed!" the boy suddenly gasped aloud. "I'd gone a good way — I was well away from her, honestly I was — and then I heard her scream . . . There was a man there . . . and I shouted, and he ran off, and when I went to look . . ."

"If it was a man," the police officer said.

"What do you mean?" Victor asked.

"Well, sir, the boy said he looked like some sort of animal. 'A funny shape,' he said. Of course, he only got a glimpse of him. 'Like some sort of animal — all bent over . . .' That's the way he put it. It looks to me as if it was done by a maniac. It's no ordinary murder, sir!"

"Have you searched the park?"

"As thoroughly as we could, sir. Not enough men to do it properly in the dark, but I don't think we missed many of the likely places."

Victor sighed. "Well, there's nothing I can do here. I'll let you have the report by the morning."

"Thank you, sir." The officer saluted. "Sorry to have detained you."

(X)

As Victor and Hans stepped from their carriage at the Countess' home, they could hear delicate music



flowing from the salon. A footman detained Victor from entering, saying that the piece of music must not be interrupted, and nearly threw the doctor into a rage had it not been for Hans' restraining hand upon Victor's arm.

Soon the music was finished and Victor stormed into the salon, followed by Hans. Their eyes immediately fell upon the old Countess chatting with Molke, the physician who led the delegation to question Victor at the Workhouse Hospital. Victor detested even the sight of him.

"I have nothing against the English composers, Dr. Molke," the Countess was saying, "Nothing, I assure you. But they just won't let themselves go."

"Not even Handel?" Molke asked.

"Ah, but they stole him . . . from Germany!"

The Countess spied Victor and Hans and rose to greet them.

"My dear Dr. Stein — so you finally decided to attend one of my musical evenings?" she smiled.

"Countess . . ."

"Vera, do come and greet the doctor."

Victor was impatient and had no intentions of wasting valuable time entertaining the Countess' sickly daughter.

"I wish to speak to your niece," Victor said dryly.

The Countess ignored Victor's words and motioned Vera forward.

"Your NIECE . . ."

Victor suddenly caught sight of Margaret Conrad in a far corner with a group of friends. He strode across the room towards her, leaving Vera sitting very alone and uncomfortable. Before Margaret could speak, Victor had seized her wrist angrily. Hans rushed forward and placed a hand on Victor's arm in an effort to calm him.

"When you found Karl in the stable — was he the —

same as when you saw him in the Hospital?" Victor hissed to Margaret.

"Yes," she replied simply. "But he was very distressed. He was TERRIFIED of you."

"Is that the last you saw of him?"

"Yes."

"Are you certain he hasn't returned here?"

"We have been dressing for this evening's music. He could have crept back into the stables without my knowing — but I see no reason why he should have done so. One of the grooms would have brought word anyway."

"He didn't talk to you about his plans, if he had any?"

"I think that he was in no state to make plans. If he had waited until I brought Hans . . ."

"But he didn't," Victor shot back.

It was apparent the girl couldn't help him to find Karl, so there was no longer any reason for remaining at the Countess' home. And Victor certainly didn't relish subjecting himself once more to the Countess' clumsy attempts at getting him to notice her daughter.

Victor's retreat to the door was interrupted by a sudden shattering of glass. A woman screamed, then another. Victor spun about in surprise. There before him was Karl, standing in the large French doors that led out onto a terrace. Victor choked back a gasp at the sight of his creation — his "perfect man."

Karl was leaning his twisted body against the door frame as though exhausted and shifted his sad, pain-dulled eyes about the room. Upon seeing Margaret Conrad, Karl's eyes lit up. He began to shamle towards her, sending the elegant ladies and gentlemen scurrying to get out of his way.

Victor stepped forward, enraged.

"Karl!" he cried.

The grotesque creature shuffling across the room



A patient's crutch came crashing down upon him again and again.

stopped short and turned, pulling its lame legs up beside him awkwardly. Karl's lips trembled as he struggled to speak. His good hand clawed at the air helplessly. Finally, he lurched toward Victor and cried:

"Frankenstein! Help me, Frankenstein! Help me!"

With that, Karl crashed to the floor and lay very still. Victor and Hans rushed to his side amid a rustle of frightened whispers.

Karl Werner was dead.

(XI)

Victor, as a respected village physician, took command of the situation and succeeded in soothing the horrified guests. He and Hans then removed Karl's corpse and returned with it to the laboratory, where Victor began to examine the creature's brain.

"Dr. Stein, I beg you to listen to me!" Hans cried. *"Get away from here! We must cross the border . . . start again, somewhere else."*

"There's no hurry," Victor replied without taking his eyes from Karl's exposed brain.

"But everyone heard Karl call you Frankenstein! Molke was there."

"I'm aware of that, But —"

"Hell report to the Medical Council. They are bound to take action!" You know how they feel about you — this is the chance they have been waiting for."

Victor's cold, blue eyes studied Hans. *"I shall be at the surgery in the morning at my usual time."*

Victor's attention then turned to Karl's body. It was of no further use to the doctor and would be very embarrassing to him should someone find it, so, with Hans' help, Victor destroyed the corpse in the furnace.

The following morning, Dr. Victor Stein, alias Baron Frankenstein, was in his surgery as he had

avowed. However, his usual throng of eager patients was nowhere to be seen.

Hans soon appeared. A worried expression darkened his face.

"Your waiting room is deserted," he said.

"I had already observed that."

"The whole town knows who you are! Everybody's talking. I have been summoned before the Medical Council. What am I to say?"

"I'll come with you," Victor said.

"That would be madness! Let me do what I can. Just give me some idea of what to say."

"It would be madness for me to hide." Victor snatched up his hat and coat. "What can they prove? Let the world see that I am not cowering in the shadows."

(XII)

"You deny your name is Frankenstein?" asked the President of the Medical Council.

"Have you ever consulted the street directory, sir?" Victor calmly replied.

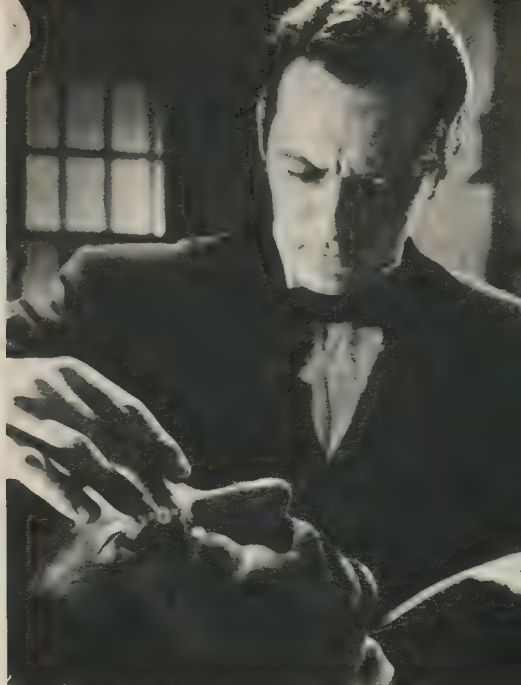
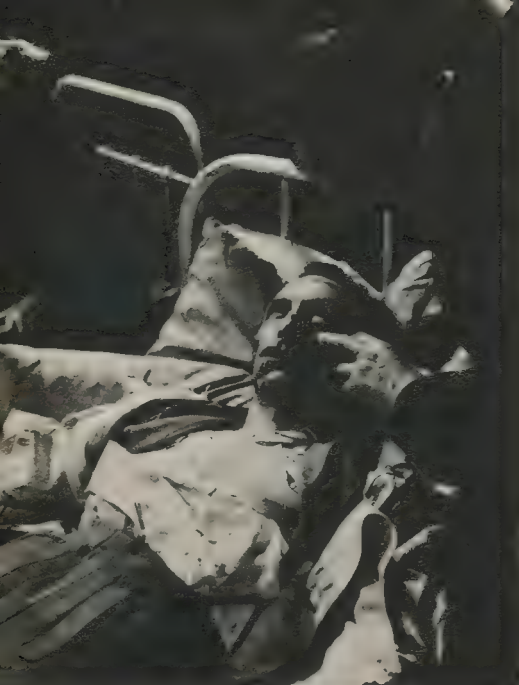
"Street directory?"

"If Carlsbruck is still so backward as to have no official publication of this kind, there are doubtless civic records to which you could have access. And other towns in Central Europe — all have some records of their citizens."

"I do not see what bearing —"

"There are dozens of Frankensteins," Victor said. *"I am a Frankenstein. That I do not deny. Of course I have heard about the Baron whose name has acquired so many legends. Disturbing legends — not the kind a medical practitioner would wish to have associated with him. Naturally, I didn't wish to set up in practice here handicapped by such a name, so I changed it."*

"But the uncanny resemblance . . ."



Hans Kleeve discovers the gruesome result of the patient's attack upon his colleague.

"Who claims to have detected such a resemblance?"

"Two of the ladies who were present last night had a fleeting acquaintance with the Frankenstein family in the old days."

"A fleeting acquaintance!" Victor laughed. "And in the old days! And there was no word of this until last night, was there? Strange how so much supposed evidence can be fomented in such a short time."

Hans stepped forward. "It's a monstrous accusation," he said, "inspired by jealousy."

A Council member spoke up. "Baron Frankenstein..."

"Dr. Stein," Victor interrupted.

"Dr. Stein... how do you explain that wretched fellow calling you Frankenstein?"

"I cannot even be sure that he was doing so," Victor replied. "They were his dying words. It was a last outcry — very probably it was not addressed to me at all but to some dying vision. The man had heard the legend, just as you gentlemen seem to have done, and in the confusion of his mind he may have felt that this Frankenstein would in some miraculous way come to his assistance. A very common phenomenon, as I'm sure my colleagues will agree. I think a little proof, Mister President, would be more compelling than a lot of gossip. And as there can be no such proof, we are simply wasting time. My own time happens to be valuable." Victor turned to Hans. "I shall see you later at the Hospital, Dr. Kleeve."

"One moment," the President said.

Victor was already at the door. "Forgive me. I am a busy man."

"We have not finished."

"No? But what more is there to say? We all know that Baron Frankenstein was executed. I think that might be regarded as a truly conclusive finish. Good day, gentlemen."

Victor hurriedly returned to the Workhouse Hospital. There was much that had to be rebuilt. All that he worked for had suddenly collapsed around him and he was eager to begin anew.

Upon entering the Hospital, Victor was met by the loathsome little messenger, who leered at him slyly.

"Three of 'em gone," he said.

"What are you prattling about?" Victor asked angrily.

"Three patients upped and left in the night. Weren't going to wait here to be cut up in little pieces — that's what they told me."

Victor ignored him and proceeded into the ward, where he was enveloped in an uneasy silence. Hundreds of pairs of eyes glared at him out of cruel faces. Gnarled, diseased hands clenched into fists.

"How's the head today, Klein?" he smiled.

"Don't lay your filthy hands on me."

"Don't be a fool, man," Victor said. "I've got to look at it."

The patient suddenly struck Victor's arm aside. "You heard me! Keep your murdering hands off me... FRANKENSTEIN!"

Victor stood, stunned.

"Yes, that's what I said!" the patient hissed. "Frankenstein! Fugitive from the gallows! Murderer!"

"Murderer!" The word passed through the ward



Hans sadly showed them the mangled corpse of Dr. Stein, alias Victor Frankenstein

in a whisper .

"Murderer!" the patient screamed again. "Mutilator!"

A bottle came hurtling through the air and smashed against the wall, barely missing Victor's head. Another followed, striking him on the shoulder. Before Victor could scurry to safety, the howling mob was upon him. Claw-like fingers raked at his face. A patient's crutch came crashing down upon him again and again. Victor crumpled to the floor beneath the vicious blows . . .

"They're killing him in there!" Margaret Conrad screamed in the distance.

But Victor didn't hear her. A merciful darkness had enveloped him and eased the agony from his body . .

Victor awoke a short time later. Through the painful haze clouding his mind, he could see his laboratory spread out around him. He was lying upon a table, with Hans and Margaret standing at his side.

"... the end," Margaret was saying. "*The end of a fantastic scheme. The death of a man he talked of benefitting . . and now this. Don't you see? Don't you see?? Wicked . . .*"

"To transform a dwarf into a normal man — is that so wicked, Miss Conrad?" Hans asked.

Before Margaret could answer, Victor interrupted, struggling to speak thru twisted, swollen lips.

"Try to relax," Hans said softly. He dabbed a moist cloth over Victor's forehead.

"Hans . . ." Victor gasped.

"Don't talk."

"It's no good, Hans. Send her away."

Hans nodded and turned to Margaret. She slipped

out of the laboratory quietly.

"Hans . . . you know what to do."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Everything . . . is there. The laboratory . . . it's yours . . . Work . . . Tell me, Hans . . . you can , , ,

A final, excruciating pain wracked Victor's body, then it was all over. Baron Frankenstein was truly dead.

(XIII)

Dr. Molke of the Medical Council was very determined to see his rival, Dr. Stein, discredited. He even went so far as to have the grave of Victor Frankenstein opened — just in case. What was found there sent Molke and the authorities scurrying to the Workhouse Hospital . . . But they were too late. Hans sadly showed them the mangled corpse of Dr. Stein, alias Victor Frankenstein. Molke was at last satisfied.

Not too long after, a mysterious gentleman — a physician — set up a prosperous practice in London, England, many hundreds of miles from the Central European village of Carlsbruck. This physician was a tall, gaunt gentleman with a curious line of small scars across his forehead. His name: Dr. Victor Frank.

There was much Dr. Frank wished to achieve in his new home. With his assistant, Hans Kleve, and the laboratory he set up near his hospital, Dr. Frank began conducting some very unique experiments . . .

Soon it would be said of him: FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN.



MANIA MAILBAG

NO COMPLAINTS

The cover of issue two was well done. Frank Frazetta is a very talented artist, and I would enjoy seeing more of his artwork on your covers. The entire issue was truly a fine tribute to a fine studio — **Hammer Films**. Chris Feilner is an excellent writer and I enjoyed both articles — **The World of Hammer Films** and **Hammer's Prince of Horror** immensely. Part II of Mr. Cushing's story was even better than Part I; and your film review of **One Million Years B.C.** was tremendous. I am more anxious than ever to see it now!

In short, I can find nothing to complain about in your first two issues. I do have a few requests: could you possibly do a full article on **Ray Harryhausen** and his fine films, like the ones you did on Cushing and Lee? I would also enjoy seeing some of the better science-fiction films treated every once and awhile in your magazine. Pictures such as — **This Island Earth**, **Them**, **The Thing**, **Forbidden Planet**, etc., are classics of fantasy just as the **Dracula**, **Frankenstein** and **Werewolf** films.

RICHARD CONTINI
St. Louis, Mo.

SECOND PUBLICATION GREAT

Your second publication was just great — great — great! May I compliment you on the finest piece of horror literature I have ever seen and read. Your coverage on Mr. Christopher Lee and **Peter Cushing** was magnificent. I admire Mr. Lee very greatly and I can finally say there is a monster mag. that is giving him the credit that has long been due him. Surprisingly enough however, there wasn't any fan comment on the two new 8MM films **Horror of Dracula** and **Curse of Frankenstein**. These are a must for Lee and Cushing fans. May I also compliment your effort to print never before printed photos. I can understand why this magazine takes longer to reach the newsstand than others. If such effort is kept up, I am sure you need not ever fear competition of other magazines in the same field. CONGRATULATIONS!

WILLIAM LEGANG
College Point, N.Y.

Both **HORROR OF DRACULA** and **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** in 8MM are available in the mail order section of MM. Ed.

NO PUNS

You really do have a very good magazine. Just the absence of corny puns in the picture captions is enough to gladden the heart of one like me who has grown up with horror movies and is sick of seeing them treated as kids stuff. Thank you.

KAREN REETZ
Chicago, Ill.

HAMMER CRITICIZED

Now we are glorifying Hammer Films and rightly so when we think back to items such as **Horror of Dracula**, **The Mummy**, **Curse of Frankenstein**. But the time for mere glorification passed long ago. Hammer should be criticized severely for some things they have done, although most horror movie magazines can't get out of the overglorification trap they have dug for themselves.

VOLKMAR RICHTER
Toronto, Canada

HIT IN WICHITA

MONSTER MANIA is quite a hit here in the Wichita area — among the fans at least! Everyone is quite pleased that at last someone has gotten serious and doesn't treat the horror medium with tongue-in-cheek as most of the other magazines in the field are prone to do.

ROBERT R. BARRETT
Wichita, Kansas



MM fan Brian Clifton sent in this rendering of Christopher Lee from "Curse of Frankenstein."

WORTH EVERY PENNY

After thoroughly reading and re-reading **MONSTER MANIA** No. 2, I have come to the conclusion that it is every bit as good, if not better, than **MM** No. 1. From startling cover to back cover it was a tremendous issue well worth every penny of the 35¢ I paid.

Speaking of the cover — it was beautiful to say the least. Need any more be said? Frazetta really knows his "stuff!"

Your Editor's Desk every issue is worthwhile. It brings a closer feeling between editor-writer and public, and this is the gist of a zine like **MONSTER MANIA**. (Or any zine for that matter).

The **Interview with Terence Fisher** showed much improvement over last ish's interview with Pierce. The interview showed Fisher to be a very wise and shrewd man.

Mania Movie Review was excellent this time around. Subject and content were interesting, pics were also good. Keep the reviews coming.

I've read already some works of Chris Feilner in the Christopher Lee Club bulletins — I'm glad to see that he has put himself in the pro category. His writings are fine and technically perfect. Put Chris on a really good task and see how great he produces for **MONSTER MANIA**.

What's new in **Monsterdom** is a good addition to **MM**, but make it longer next time around.

Of course, the **Mania Mailbag** was a smart addition. After all, what's a pro zine without a letters column? If possible lengthen the mailbag area to more letters. Congratulations!

MEL SOBEL
Roosevelt, N.Y.

CHRIS LEE FAN CLUB

In **MM** No. 2 one of your readers mentioned that he belonged to the Christopher Lee Fan Club. Could you please tell me how I can join the club?

MIKE BROWN
Ashtabula, Ohio

You can join Mr. Lee's club by contacting Mrs. Gloria Lillibridge, 281 Centerville Road, Warwick, R.I. You receive a bi-monthly publication with current photos of Mr. Lee. Also in each issue Mr. Lee answers questions that his fans ask of him. Dues for one year are \$1.50. Glad to answer your questions. Ed.

MONSTER MANIA FAN CLUB PAGE

by ANNETTE FLORANCE

As a preface to my first column in MONSTER MANIA, I would like to briefly state what subjects I will be covering. Basically, my purpose is to cover fan clubs, but also included will be where you can contact your favorite horror film personalities and up-to-date news on their latest activities, what you would like to see in succeeding issues, if you liked or disliked the ones already printed and why, and news about amateur "fanzine" publications. For obvious reasons, I rely solely on your letters for my column, so please write me if you have any questions or wish me to mention something you feel would be of interest to the other readers. From time to time, I will be writing major articles for MONSTER MANIA (I have two in preparation at present — a biography of sorts on Jack the Ripper and a full-length article on t.v.'s "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea"). Therefore, if you have a particular subject in mind that you think an article should be written about, let me know about it and it will be discussed with the Editor.

Many of you have written in requesting information on David Peel. Since filming "Brides of Dracula", he has been concentrating mainly on British t.v. appearances with an occasional role in non-horror films. He is quite elusive and only occasionally answers his fan mail. In reply to a letter from Lewis Sanders of Parsons, Tennessee, you would have to write Mr. Peel directly in order to form a fan club for him. If you send your letter in care of Hammer Films, Hammer House, Wardour Street, London W. 1, England, I am sure they would forward it on to him.

For those of you who would like to form a fan club for a particular film personality, it is best to have his or her written permission to do so. It is quite difficult to run a fan club without the aid of the person involved for you must obtain information on their latest activities from them for your members in order to "scoop" regular publications. If your particular star already has a fan club, it is often possible to form a branch in your area or county. If you have any questions on the subject of fan clubs, drop me a note and I will do my best to help you.

Mr. Craig Reardon of Inglewood, California, wrote in to thank us for the article on Jack Pierce. Mr. Reardon explained that he had previously written to many magazines asking for such an article but to no avail. The article on Mr. Pierce is part of MONSTER MANIA's policy to have stories and interviews on people and films not previously covered in other magazines in order to give the readers more variety and not just a rehash of antiquated material and republication of photos printed many times before. For this reason, the majority of our stories center on recent films as most of the older vintage ones have already had a great deal printed about them. However, we will have material and stills from the most popular films of the past for those of you who are interested in them.

Many of you write in to say how much you enjoyed the biography of Peter Cushing. We here at MONSTER MANIA feel Mr. Cushing is one of the finest and most overlooked actors in the horror film industry today and will keep you up-to-date on his latest activities as well as publishing photos of him in up-coming issues. Mr. Cushing

(along with Christopher Lee, Michael Ripper, George Woodbridge, and other actors and actresses working in Hammer Film productions) is most conscientious about his fans and you are relatively assured of an answer to your letters.

Mr. John R. Duvoli of Middletown, New York, wrote in to say that he was present at an advanced screening of one of Mr. Cushing's latest films, "Island Of Terror" which will be released in March, 1967, and said—"I am certain that fans of Mr. Cushing will agree that this science fiction thriller features Mr. Cushing in top form as a scientist who battles the 'silicates', incredible creatures which multiply at six-hour intervals and feed off human flesh". Besides "Island Of Terror", Mr. Cushing also has a leading role in the latest of the Frankenstein series, "Frankenstein Created Woman", which will be released in the near future.

Mr. John Soister of 210 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, 11205, is President of the National Science Fiction and Horror Film Fan Club which is, as the name implies, not specialized in one subject but covers the entire realm of science fiction and horror films. For dues of \$1.00 per year, you receive several 4" x 5" photos, six issues of club bulletins, six 8" x 10" horror portraits, photo membership card, and an opportunity to obtain penpals. If you wish any further information on the club, please write to Mr. Soister directly.

One of the best independent publications is called "Kaleidoscope" which is published by Mr. Don Shay of 8 Wintergreen Avenue, M. D. 15, Newburgh, New York. His first issue, unfortunately sold out, contained excellent articles on Ray Harryhausen, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and Buster Crabbe. His second issue which is still available, as are all succeeding ones, had articles on the James Bond films with exclusive stills of Sean Connery on the set of "A Fine Madness", a biography of Sabu, and synopses of the series of Sherlock Holmes films made by Basil Rathbone. For fans of the Flash Gordon serials, his third issue was entirely devoted to Buster Crabbe and contained a lengthy, informative interview along with many stills from the serials never before published anywhere. Copies are available at 75¢ apiece by writing to Mr. Shay. His future issues will contain articles on Gregory Peck, Peter Falk, Karl Malden, another interview with Ray Harryhausen, and in-depth coverage of the film "Trader Horn", the first one to be shot on location in Africa. I heartily recommend Mr. Shay's publications for their originality and content, as well as for the format and presentation of the material.

Let me again remind you that this column will be based upon your letters, indicating your preference of materials that you would like to see covered in MONSTER MANIA, as well as providing you with answers to any questions you may have concerning the field of horror movies. If you have any questions you wish answered personally and not printed in the magazine, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your inquiry. Any suggestions you may have on improving the column will be greatly appreciated as the only way I have of knowing what you want to read about must come from you.

**BETTER
DEAD
THAN
WED!**

The
Master
Of Evil
Takes A
Harem
Of Horror!

SEVEN ARTS
PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS
SAX ROHMER'S

THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU

IN COLOR

AND
CHRISTOPHER LEE · DOUGLAS WILNER · MARIE VERSINI "THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU"

with TSAI CHIN · HENRICH WILHELM DRACHE

Screenplay by PETER WELBECK • Directed by DON SHARP • A HALLAM PRODUCTION • A SEVEN ARTS PICTURES RELEASE



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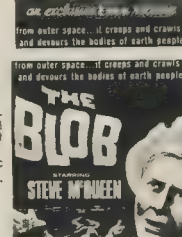
Bela Lugosi in MY SON THE VAMPIRE
This film was originally titled "Ola Mother Riley Meets The Vampire". It was never distributed in the U.S. A real must for Lugosi fans.
\$5.95 + 25c
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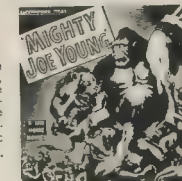
HUMAN MONSTER
Bela Lugosi stars in this great Edgar Wallace chiller. Two reels (400 feet of film.)
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Steve McQueen in THE BLOB
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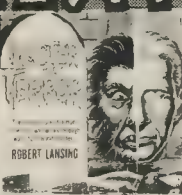
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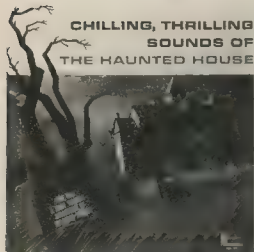
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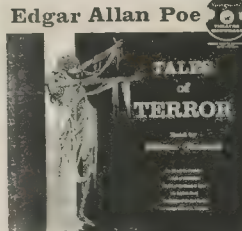
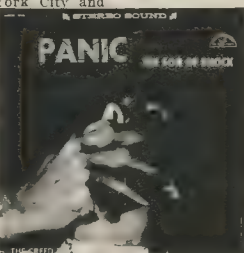
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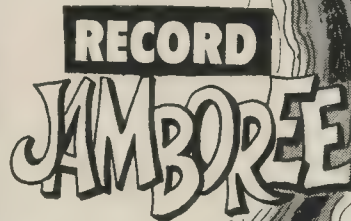
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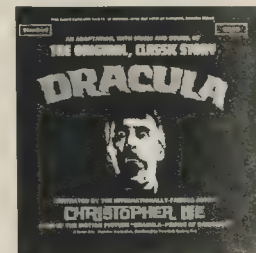


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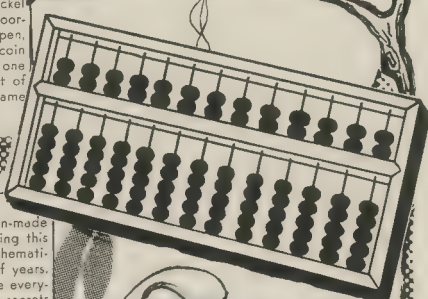


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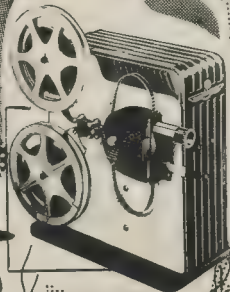
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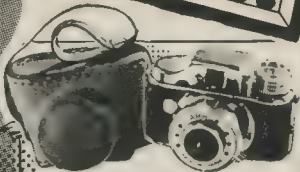
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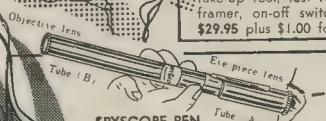
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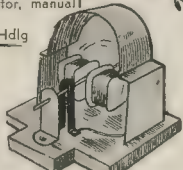
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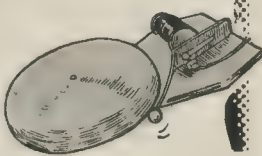
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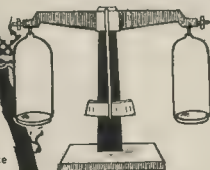


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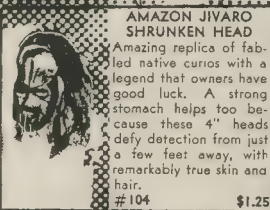


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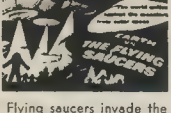
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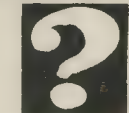
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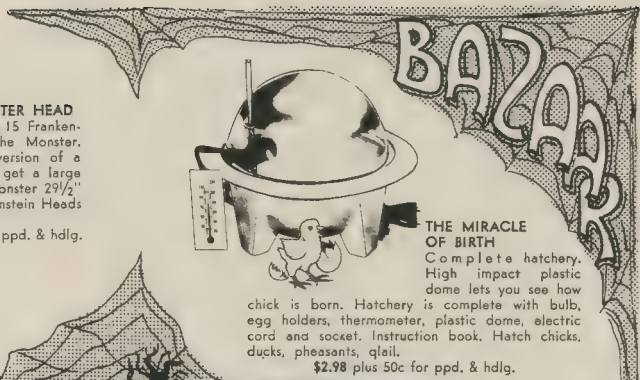
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